

Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 24, 1960

25 CENTS



THE VIOLENT FACE
OF PRO FOOTBALL

The annual collar button controversy



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The green model (and 6 other colors) and the gold jersey (and 10 other colors)—both 100% Acrilan acrylic fiber—in short and long sleeves, \$4.00 and \$5.00 respectively.

To button, or not to button: that is the question. Should every collar button have its corresponding buttonhole? Or, should it be merely a shiny decoration like the three buttons on the sleeve of a suit jacket?

A sex divided against itself

The question of whether sport shirt collars should be worn open or closed is far more serious than you think. Already it has divided men into two groups: The Buttoners and The Non-Buttoners. A sex divided against itself cannot stand.

So, if we don't muster a clear majority for one side or the other, the women will take over and decide the issue—and then we'll have the sport shirts, but they'll wear the pants.

Get into uniform

If you've been keeping out of this battle because you don't own a sport shirt, we can help you. In addition to refereeing some of the big fights of our time (like this one) we also produce a remarkable product called Acrilan acrylic fiber. Acrilan, if you don't already know, knits

up into jersey fabric that's absolutely unmatched for making sport shirts. The two here for example (see picture at left) are creations of Mr. Van Heusen (label below).

VAN HEUSEN


Since both shirts are of 100% Acrilan acrylic fiber, they wash and dry by machine, and feel soft as sleep on the skin. Either one or both should give you all the inspiration you need to get into this collar button controversy up to your neck. And that is, after all, what this is all about.

Score card listing all the players

Just so you know what you're up against, we offer this list of the factions we mentioned earlier and the collar-wearing styles they prefer:

1. The A&M Grads—wear collar open, lying flat (even under jacket or sweater)
2. The Polo Players—wear collar open, lying flat (with ascot, neckerchief, or tee shirt showing underneath, depending whether they play horse-type polo, water polo, or johnny-on-the-pony)
3. The Matinee Idols—wear collar open, standing up (with ascot, neckerchief or tee shirt showing underneath)
4. The Yachtsmen—wear collar open, standing up (with bare skin showing underneath)
5. The Horse Set—wear collar open, lying flat over jacket collar or sweater
6. The advertising Models—wear collar closed, lying flat
7. The Night Shift—wear collar closed, standing up
8. The Texas Oilmen—wear collar closed, tie (four-in-hand, bow, or western style)





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Next week

As college football moves to its sixth week, detailed reports on the leading games, a look at the best of the sophomores and, in color, a rainy day on two Midwest golf courses.

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OCTOBER 20

Cincinnati at New York.

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Detroit at Boston.
Philadelphia at Syracuse.
Los Angeles at St. Louis.
New York at Cincinnati.

OCTOBER 23

St. Louis at Cincinnati.

OCTOBER 24

New York at Los Angeles.

OCTOBER 25

New York at Los Angeles.
Syracuse at St. Louis.

OCTOBER 26

Cincinnati at Detroit.

OCTOBER 27

Syracuse at Cincinnati.

continued



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BASKETBALL continued

OCTOBER 28

Boston at New York.
Los Angeles at Philadelphia.

OCTOBER 29

Los Angeles at Syracuse.
Philadelphia at Boston.
New York at Detroit.
Cincinnati at St. Louis.

NOVEMBER 1

Philadelphia at Cincinnati.

NOVEMBER 2

New York vs. Los Angeles,
Detroit vs. St. Louis at De-
troit.

NOVEMBER 4

Detroit at Philadelphia.

NOVEMBER 5

Philadelphia vs. Detroit, Bos-
ton vs. Cincinnati at Boston.
New York at St. Louis.
Syracuse at Los Angeles.

NOVEMBER 6

Syracuse at Los Angeles.

NOVEMBER 8

Boston at Cincinnati.

NOVEMBER 9

Philadelphia vs. Los Angeles,
St. Louis vs. Detroit at St.
Louis.

END



GARRAHL IMHOFF, NEW YORK

Some Subtleties of the 'Sportsman's Sport'

The author revisits a jai alai match 22 years later and finds things a little different now

by PAUL MANDEL

SOMEWHERE in northwestern Miami squats the Miami Jai-Alai Fronton. Last spring I visited this pleasure palace and made some small donations to its rent, light bill and the aged and infirm of the state of Florida. In the process, I found jai alai has changed some since my day.

My day was 22 years ago when my Uncle Frank—the family sport—took me to see an earlier-day species of jai alai at New York's old Hippodrome. It was early September and the last sport in the world that I wanted to watch on a perfectly good Saturday was jai alai, whatever that was. I thought it had something to do with slapping a small ball attached to a paddle with a long rubber band, and it struck me as dull entertainment for a warm afternoon. But Uncle Frank, in his capacity as family sport, had seen jai alai in Chicago once and said it was a great game. Furthermore, with a certain firmness of purpose, he said we were going to jai alai or we were going nowhere. I never looked a gift uncle in the mouth.

When we reached the Hippodrome the first game had already started. Four young men with long baskets strapped to their arms were running up and down the length of a vast three-walled room the size of the old *Île de France*, flailing at a small and elusive ball with their baskets. There was a wire mesh screen between us and the young men. Very shortly one of the young men ran up this wire screen, caught the ball in his basket, hurled it against the distant front

wall of the three-wall room, then turned around and ran down the screen again. "It's the sportsman's sport," said my Uncle Frank, dutifully I thought. As he said it he shifted from side to side in his seat, and I decided he was trying to find someone he knew. Since it was unlikely that I knew anybody I decided to ignore both audience and game for a few minutes, and settled down to read the instructive literature which had come with my ticket.

My program started with a large, no-fodder headline which said "Jai-Alai. Just say 'Hi-Li.' Messrs. Mike Jacobs, Lee Shubert and Richard Benson bring Spain's Sensational Pastime to New York." This was some help already. It went on to say, "Jai-Alai is probably the most strenuous of all athletics. . . . Fatalities have run high since the sport was founded. . . . The players' life at the edge of danger breeds a warm kinship. Theirs is the sportsman's sport." I was discouraged to find that last phrase. It always disillusioned me to catch Uncle Frank stealing his material. I looked at him with my best look of reproach, but he was too busy squirming around to look back.

After this section there was a neat, small-type box, which said, "These practitioners of this most dangerous and skillful sport will be gratified by your expressions of enthusiasm and approval for their athletic efforts"—or words to that effect. "Since they do not speak English, for the most part, you may wish to salute their efforts in their native language, a sportsmanlike gesture you can be sure will be appreciated. You will notice that there are always two teams, the Blue Team and the White Team." I looked up and was gratified to find that in the incomprehensible *mêlée*

continued



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"SPORTSMAN'S SPORT" continued

on the other side of the wire screen I could make out two colors of shirts, blue and white. "To salute the Blue Team, it is appropriate to say '¡Arriba Azul!' To salute the White Team, one may say '¡Arriba Blanco!' Whatever you say, you may be sure that the players will redouble their efforts at your behest."

I examined the teams, and finally decided that I wanted the white team to redouble its efforts. There was a man wearing glasses on the white team. I wore glasses too, and at that age I found common cause with any glasses-wearing athlete. "¡Arriba blanco!" I said, fudging that upside-down exclamation point. As if in reply my hero turned a somersault, scooped up the ball and thwacked it neatly off two or three walls and over the heads of his opponents. "¡Arriba azul!" said an old lady in the seat next to mine. We traded *arribas* for a while. Then one of the white players slipped and fell and missed what looked like an easy shot; the fans, presumably all through reading their programs, stood up and applauded him politely as he got to his feet. The game started again, the spectators continued to applaud good efforts and missed shots, and by the time it reached its final points great yelling shouts of *arriba* this and *arriba* that were filling the Hippodrome.

A mixed opinion

"I do hope the next game's as exciting," said the old lady to me as the *azules* won the last point. "They're such good sports. Always helping each other up, and everything. And they try terribly hard, don't they?" Not many people asked me my opinion on athletic prowess or anything else in those days. I was framing an answer on just how hard I thought they tried when my itchy uncle twitched, took me by the hand, lowered his head and led me out into the warm and dusty sunlight of the afternoon. I knew better than to ask him where we were going, although I certainly would have liked to have said something to that old lady. As we went out through the Hippodrome lobby I still had the feeling that Uncle Frank was looking for somebody.

I found out—a little late—just whom he was looking for when I paid

continued



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'SPORTSMAN'S SPORT' continued

my recent visit to the Hippodrome's more successful Miami counterpart. I bought tickets for my wife and myself—the tickets seemed extraordinarily inexpensive for such a lavish entertainment—and walked into the Fronto's lobby. Sitting in a circular booth was a blonde; above her was a sign saying "Leaving Early? Place Wagers on 8-9-10-11 Games Here." Behind her was a row of windows surmounted by neat signs saying "\$10 Win." I've grown up some since those breathless days at the old Hippodrome in New York, and I can tell the festive earmarks of a pari-mutuel



PLAYER LEAPS TO SHOOT BALL IN "GSTA"

set-up when I see one. What I didn't know, although at one time and another I must have had several score chances to, was that the gentle art of wagering had been extended to Messrs. Jacobs, Shubert and Berenson's Sportman's Sport. Poor Uncle Frank. His Chicago jai alai, I have since discovered, had featured large signs saying "No Betting Allowed." The spectators used these signs as a form of bandy pleasure buoy; the signs marked the men who were taking bets. In jai alai's free-and-easy Chicago days Uncle Frank must have felt the sure sporting pull of a small

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bet on the Menos. No wonder that he found the Hippodrome an itchy place to visit.

I quickly discovered that certain changes had crept into the sportsman's sport since its New York days. There were still the big court and its wire net, but the Fronton was cleaner and brighter, and its illumination was further abetted by a large tote board. There were some new varieties of colored shirts—I discerned yellows, greens and orchids on the players warming up—and there was a hard-to-measure extra buzz of excitement in the background chatter of the spectators.

"Programs are very interesting," I said to my wife. "Tell you what to yell at the players. Audience is a big part of the jai alai game. Players need lots of encouragement. Very dangerous game. You yell at 'em in Spanish. Sportsman's sport." I opened my program to find out what to yell at a player in an orchid shirt and was confronted by some good-sized type saying "All Major League Jai-Alai Players MUST PLAY TO WIN. WHY? THE RULE WITH TEETH." This was an unexpected change. I read further. "Any player who is thought to be intentionally playing an inferior grade of Jai-Alai . . . must be immediately suspended and a report filed with the Florida State Racing Commission. . . . Such players are automatically SUSPENDED from the Major League for life. . . ."

This indeed seemed to be a toothsome rule, although I felt it lacked the ingenious sportsmanship and good will of the Hippodrome's program. I read on. It turned out that there were up to eight teams in each game; that you bet on the teams as if they were horses. Percolating with all this new-found information, I obtained the services of an attractive young lady wearing a flat hat and a telephone headset. She was also wearing a coat of claret velvet and a bunch of lace at her chin, like the highwayman in the poem. Feeling that the resemblance might be significant, I told her I wanted to put \$5 on one Muguerza II, to place.

"Huh?" she said.

"Muguerza II," I said. "The one with glasses."

"What race?" she said.

"Second game," I said.

"His number's 3," she said as she

continued



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Oak Park, Illinois, LITTON'S
Pittsburgh, Pa., JACOB REEF'S SONS
Pittsburgh, Pa., FRANK'S MEN'S WEAR
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'SPORTSMAN'S SPORT' continued

wrote out a receipt and phoned in my bet. "Names don't mean nothin' to me. Just gimme the numbers."

I waited until she got decently out of earshot and leaned over to my wife. "They've commercialized it," I said. "But watch the fans. Once the game gets going. They really get wrapped up."

The lights on the court turned up and the first game started. Directly that play began, a neighboring old woman jumped to her feet and shouted "Come on, 6!"

"There they go," I noted to my wife. "Jai alas fans are famous sports. Once it starts, you can't hold 'em."

"Kill 'em, you bum," said the little old lady.

Here the old lady's protagonist, the young man evidently named 6, missed what I thought was an extraordinarily difficult shot, a low and hard and evil shot which sent him sprawling spread-eagled against the screen in a hurtling effort to return it. "Look at the jerk," said the old lady. "He couldn't get it. He lay down. Get up, you pigeon." She tore up a pari-mutuel ticket, letting the pieces flutter down through the cigar smoke.

A sportsman shouts

"Money corrupts," I said. "But there's still plenty of fans. Listen. You'll hear 'em. They shout in Spanish." As if in magic answer, I became aware of a muted sound behind me. I nudged my wife and turned around to single out the chanter, who proved to be a young bald man in a sports jacket. "Listen," I said. We listened. As more teams were eliminated one by one, his incantation became gradually louder, and by the time there were just two teams left it was perfectly plain what he was saying. He was saying "Miss it. Miss it. Miss it," over and over to the opponents of his team. Finally one of his players shared the fate of the unhappy No. 6, crashing into the side wall at the apex of a high and vain leap at the speeding ball.

"He never even tried," said the bald man, varying his chant. "They make it look good. They can get any shot if they want." This was not the jai alai I knew, and I felt it was time to defend the old order. "Why's he lying there bleeding?" I asked. "Act," said the bald man, smirking.

"They all do it. They're all actors. They rehearse, like wrestlers. They all got money on the game. You want they should be honest too?"

"How about The Rule with Teeth?"

"Come off it, buddy. It's all fixed. It has to be. It's just a big man race. You bet on men, you get a fix. What's gonna keep a guy from laying down for a buddy once in a while?"

"How do you know?" asked my wife, an incisive sort.

"Hell, I don't know. Nobody knows. You can't know. That's the trouble. Hell, it's a Spanish game, Americans can't even understand it." He tapped his program. "Quiénelo. Quiénelo Ercola." Even the bets are in Spanish. They're all foreigners out there. You can't expect 'em to be honest, can you?"

"Why do you bet?" said my wife. The bald man was waiting for that question. "I don't know how the fix is in. It doesn't bother me none. I just play the colors myself. Tonight I'm playing the blue. I'm only four bucks behind." He excused himself at this point and headed down for the pari-mutuel windows.

So it went throughout the evening. Nary an *erróro*. Not a cheer. The Fronton was a pool of suspicion, filled with curses, whistles, boos; vibrating with sundry shouts of "Miss it," "Full dead," "Kill him" and other pleasantries. Finally we came to the 11th game, only four bucks behind ourselves, and decided to beat the rush out. We walked back down the slope, fending our way through the cigar smoke, and about halfway down we passed two comely girls wearing black shawls who were standing on their seats and shouting with animation and enthusiasm. And they were shouting in Spanish.

"There they are," I said. "At last. The real McCoy. The fans. Listen." A quick, tripping tinkle of Spanish issued from the two young ladies.

"What are they saying?" asked my indulgent wife.

"I will find out," I said. I walked over to the cheering girls, tugged at the skirt of the nearer and asked her what her companion was saying.

"She's cheering," she said. "The green team."

"Of course," I said. "Just like the old Hippodrome. What's she saying, by the way?"

"She's telling them to cut the yellow team in half. With the ball." END

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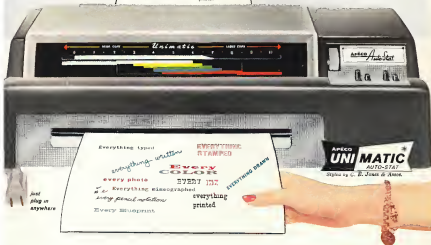
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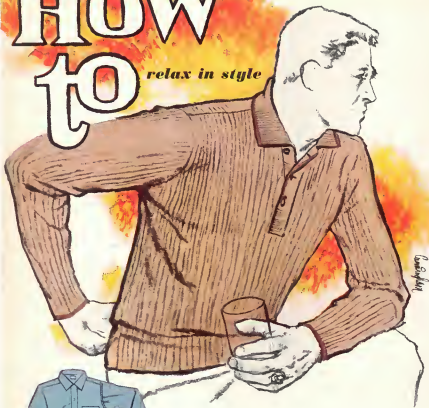
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SCORECARD

Events and Discoveries of the Week

THE INSIDE TRACK

- The Boston Red Sox hope to sign disgruntled Phillies' Pitcher Gene Conley, who doubles as pro basketball center with the Boston Celtics. Conley says he will never play baseball for Philadelphia again because of salary differences with John Quinn.

- Opponents of Southern Methodist University, loser of four straight games, will encounter wild, razzle-dazzle football during the rest of the season. As Coach Bill Meek said: "You can't get hurt falling out of bed when you're sleeping on the floor."

- The nation's top collegiate tennis team next year will play for Trinity University of San Antonio (enrollment: 1,900). Davis Cupper Chuck McKinley will begin his sophomore year; teammate Earl Buchholz has signed a Trinity letter of intent. Without Buchholz, Trinity was 16-1 in dual meets last year, losing only to powerful UCLA.

- Repercussions are still being felt as a result of the AAU's banning of a visiting Swedish basketball team here last winter. Piqued at this and other AAU boo-boos over the years, three members of the National Basketball Committee are quietly making plans to supplant the AAU as U.S. representative on the International Basketball Federation.

- Missouri Valley Conference football is dying, with only four of eight members—Wichita, North Texas, Tulsa and Cincinnati—competing for the championship. Look for the Valley to add three more schools in 1961, probably Memphis State, Louisville and Marquette, all of them prepared to compete in football, as well as other sports.

PLAIN TALK

At a fashionable boys' school in Nottinghamshire last week, mountain climber Sir John Hunt was asked by a pupil: "What did Sir Edmund Hil-

lary say after conquering Everest?" Sir John paused, then said, "We've knocked the bastard off." To a slightly abashed audience, Sir John explained: "I think it's better that I told you the truth, even if it isn't what you expected."

FERMENT IN THE WEST

The folks around Berkeley, Calif. believe they are onto a good thing. They make beer, good old-fashioned home-brew, and they claim it is better (which is doubtful) and cheaper (for sure) than the commercial kind.

For \$1.85, they make 30 to 32 quarts with this recipe:

Dump five pounds of dextrose and malt syrup into a gallon of water and



simmer until it thickens. Heat a pound of hops-flavored malt in a double boiler till it liquefies. Then mix it with six gallons of water, and add the syrup. Finally, add a small package of yeast, and stir with loving care. Wait three or four days, then enjoy! enjoy!

As the formula gains circulation in the San Francisco area, grocers are advertising hops in newspapers up and down the Coast. The Treasury Department is not unaware of all this, but so far it is adopting a laissez-faire attitude. Said one T-man: "It's illegal to make beer at home, but so many seem to be doing it. We

have no way of checking up, nor any reason to. We've had no complaints. I'm sure no one would be bothered unless he started selling his home-brew, or created a nuisance by a lot of parties."

Incidentally, if you put in too much yeast, the bottles will explode, so measure carefully and stand back.

TALKING PICTURE

The best television show of the year turned out to be a ball game. Produced without a script, without rehearsals, without special lighting, without even a pilot film, the seventh game of the 1960 World Series drew a huge audience (NBC estimated it at well over 40 million) and held that audience through the last fascinating second of its two-hour-and-36-minute run.

It was a marvelous show, as baseball at its best always is. As telecast, however, it was neither better nor worse than the presentations of earlier games—which means pretty good but not good enough. Throughout the Series the action caught by the camera and reproduced on the TV screen was limited to snips and patches of the original action. That apparently was unavoidable. The commentary by Bob Prince and Mel Allen, intended to supplement what one saw on the screen, was often insufficient, not to say inane. And that certainly could be avoided.

This is not to say that Allen and Prince never explained the seen and unseen action. Allen, particularly, was excellent in following fast-moving plays that the camera could not catch, such as Mickey Mantle's attempted steal of third base in the third game. (Allen's goof in calling Berra's three-run homer in the seventh game a foul ball is in a class with Clem McCarthy's historic miscall of the Kentucky Derby and can be excused as a once-in-a-lifetime error.) But both announcers seemed more intent on filling the air with tired phrases—a home run was either a going-gone-gone or a kiss-it-goodbye; Mantle had two going-gone-gones and one kiss-it-goodbye to set a new Series record for cliché homers. Phrases like "jammed him," "popped him up," "as they say in the trade," "alltime great," "a great guy with a great heart," "there is no tomorrow" and "my colleague, the voice of the..." don't have to be around long to wear

awfully thin. Sentences like "There isn't a faint heart abeatn' within his brawny body" and "The Pirates go to the bullpen frequently as soon as trouble rears its head" don't have to be around at all.

The finest piece of camera work came in the sixth game (the one that Whitey Ford won 12-9 from Bob Friend) in a superb closeup of the losing pitcher. When Friend was struggling in the second inning, shortly before he was knocked out of the box for the second time in the Series, the camera moved in on his face. Those watching on television were suddenly closer to Friend than anyone in the ball park, closer to him than his first baseman was. One could see the look of puzzlement on his face. Here he was, one of the best pitchers in baseball, a veteran of three All-Star games, but he couldn't get the Yankees out and he couldn't understand why.

QUIET, CHILDREN

An old, seedy, win-at-any-price gimmick, which does credit to nobody, has cropped up again in pro football. Chicago Bears' defensemen have taken to shouting "signals" across the enemy line in an attempt to confuse the other team. The Bears used this shoddy technique in defeating the Los Angeles Rams 34-27. Last week the San Francisco 49ers spent valuable practice time, while preparing to play the Bears, trying to work out a defense for it. As Quarterback John Brodie called plays, the defensive team filled the air with spurious signals. Coach Red Hickey said the drills were merely "precautionary."

PAPA NO. 3

A thickset, white-bearded man flew into Vancouver from Watson Lake, British Columbia last week, dressed in a hunting jacket and patched pants. In the Hotel Georgia he asked for "a day room to freshen up" and pushed forward a registration card reading "Ernest Hemingway."

"I've been up north hunting grizzlies," he said.

"Not for Ernest Hemingway?"

"Yes."

After enjoying Vancouver's hospitality, he checked out and hasn't been seen since. He joins 51-year-old Kenneth H. Vanderford, who has been bullfight-bumming around Spain, as one of the growing clan of

Hemingway pretenders. None of them does apparent harm, and Papa has said he doesn't care if they sign his name for autographs so long as they don't sign his name to checks.

A thickset, white-bearded man will be in Sun Valley, Idaho next week. If he signs his name to a check, cash it. He's Papa No. 1—the real, bona fide, 24-carat Hemingway.

BEAUTIFUL DREAMER

There are all kinds of ways to play the daily double, as the Internal Revenue Service is now discovering. Some men bet their or their wives' or children's ages; some the digits of their telephone or house numbers; some even pick horses instead of numbers.

A 76-year-old Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. man had a dream recently. It had nothing to do with 7 and 6 but, Fred only knows why, concerned 10 and 3, which his vision told him would pay big. He hopped a plane to the nearest track, Hazel Park, Mich., bought five \$2 daily double tickets on 10 and 3. The No. 10 horse in the first race, O'Riley, won and paid \$136.40 for \$2; No. 3 in the second, Cosmic Wish, came in at \$19.40. The double, \$1,256 for \$2, was the highest of the Michigan racing season to date.

The dreamer, who preferred to remain anonymous, collected a check for \$6,280 and revealed that he also had bet on the same horses aside from the double. He walked off with a truck police escort, perchance to dream some more. On the flight home to Soo he might have pondered the words of Menander: "For what one has dwelt on by day, these things are seen in visions of the night."

HECK'S BAD DOG

Dallas quail hunter Lon Holcombe visited Heck Lonon's kennels to look over a good bird dog. "Will he point, back, retrieve, stand to wing and shot?" he asked.

Lonon took Holcombe and dog into the woods for answer. The animal excelled. Said Holcombe, "Is he a real going dog, or is he a piddler?" "That dog will cover the world if you let him."

So Holcombe paid \$300 and took the dog home. The next day he let the dog loose in a big field. The dog started running. He hasn't been seen since.

FACES IN THE CROWD



JOHN W. ALLEN, of Buffalo, pharmaceutical supplies salesman who placed 34th in Rome as member of U.S. Olympic walking team, settled across finish line in 2 hours and 3 minutes to win National 25-km. Championship Walk, held at Providence.



BOB HENDLEY, slight southpaw with 16-9 regular-season record, struggled off a pounding in third game to come back on sixth, hold Toronto Maple Leafs to six hits, no walks, give his Louisville Colonels a 5-1 decision and victory in Junior World Series.



JAMES SCHULTZ, 35-year-old fresh-water angler from Okemos, Mich. who hooked and landed a 1,033-pound Pacific blue marlin off Hawaii, was credited with world record catch in salt-water, 110-pound test line class by International Game Fish Assn.



WILLIAM S. TERRELL, Charlotte, N.C. textile machinery manufacturer entered annual Southern Senior golf tournament for first time, shot a one-over-par 211 over 54 holes to finish eight strokes ahead of runner-up Ted Obee of Grand Rapids, Michigan.



PETER FOGARANY, student at North Carolina State and ex-fencer, earned Amateur Athlete of Year. He holds AAU 200-meter breaststroke record, has beaten Olympic winner Bill Mulliken in six of seven races.



CHUCK HARTIN, husky tackle for Kansas City's Rockchick H.S., scooped up three opponent fumbles and ran 33, 59 and 35 yards to score all three touchdowns in 20-0 victory over archrival Ward High, became Rockchick's top scorer for season with 24 points.

EDITORIALS

KEEP THE SPOILERS OUT OF SPORT

In the last few weeks there have been major scandals connected with spectator sports here and abroad. Unsuccessful attempts were made to bribe college football players in Ann Arbor, Mich. and Gainesville, Fla. In Britain, where betting on soccer is estimated at \$196 million a year, gamblers brought off two successful coups by bribing soccer players. British racing has been shaken by dopings perpetrated by thieves against reputable owners and trainers. In France, too, there is suspicion of doping.

What is behind all this corruption? Well, money. The growing populations of the world are taking more interest than ever in sport, and its exploitation, both legitimate and illegitimate, produces enormous profits. Some heavy bettors will do anything to insure their bets, and they have the money to buy anybody who can be bought.

Just how much corruption exists nobody knows. We hear only of those figures who have resisted temptation and called in the police or those who have yielded to it and been caught by them. Can we be confident that those responsible for the integrity of sport are making all the efforts they should make to keep the crooks off the playing fields, out of the locker rooms and away from gymnasiums?

There was considerable shock and much breast-benting when it was discovered that TV quiz shows were being rigged and that entertainers took payola, but some cynics shrugged their shoulders and said stupidly, "After all, it's only a show." Spectator sports, by the narrowest definition, are also a show, providing some of the most spirited entertainment in the world. The promoters of neither professional nor amateur events can afford the spurious excuse, that, after

all, it's only good dirty fun and the public has had its spectacle no matter how much the crooks have made.

It is up to the authorities to take every possible precaution against a repetition of the Black Sox scandal of 1919—in any sport. Baseball was strong enough to recover its popularity after that disaster, but not quickly or easily. Boxing hasn't recovered from its many fixes and deals.

The police can help by keeping known felons and gamblers away from the venues where contests are prepared and played; sports authorities can set up their own protective agencies to anticipate corruption and go after it on the faintest suspicion. If scandals occur for lack of such preventive activity, the infected sport is likely to die. Only one form of "sport"—professional wrestling, which hardly deserves the name, even in quotes—has succeeded in the U.S. as an acknowledged fraud. One is enough.

THE SORE-HORSE KICK

One scandal that continues, quite literally, to fester is the business of making walking horses sore to give them their elegant gait. Recently a trainer who previously had been convicted of showing a sore horse was cleared on appeal in Lynchburg, Va. Ridiculously enough, the conviction of the owner, who had fired the trainer but had not appealed, still stands.

The Humane Society of the United States, which initiated the Virginia case, promptly abandoned the field after losing the appeal. The HSUS says, rather petulantly, that the horse show committees are not cooperating to end this evil. This is true, but it is no excuse. With or without allies, the HSUS should be waging a persistent and painstaking fight to protect the horses from ribbon hogs.

If humane societies and horse show committees wish to be taken seriously and not rightly dismissed as a gaggle of ineffective cranks and headline hunters, they will get together on a program of decency and suggest and obtain up-to-date laws necessary for its rigid enforcement.

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Sports Illustrated
OCTOBER 24, 1993

IT WENT ALL THE

Photograph by Marcus E. Neenan





AN UNFORGETTABLE FINISH FOR AN UNUSUAL SHOW

by ROY TERRELL

THE 1960 World Series ended just a week ago, but the Great Debate it engendered is still raging everywhere except, possibly, on TV. The question: Did the Pirates win on their remarkable determination and higher over-all level of skill, or did the Yankees lose through an amazing sequence of mischances?

The answer to Part I of the question is yes, and the answer to Part 2 is no. Certainly the Pirates got some breaks (see opposite page), and they took advantage of them, as a good ball club will. But the Yankees got breaks, too. They had to face perhaps the best Pirate hitter, Bob Skinner, in only two games; he missed the others because of an injured thumb. Dick Groat, the National League batting champion, was still recovering from a broken wrist. If there was one bad hop in the Series, there were a dozen for each team, a fact Casey Stengel admitted after it was all over. If a Bill Skowron home run curved foul, so did one by Vernon Law. The Pirates had breaks, the Yankees had breaks, and breaks have a way of evening out.

Hardly anyone has mentioned what really happened: the Pittsburgh Pirates, playing the same kind of baseball they played all year, beat a New York Yankee team which was playing over its head. If anything, the Pirates were subpar. With a season-long team batting average of .276, they were able to hit only .256 in the Series—and that, more than anything else, is a tribute to the ability of Whitey Ford. The Pirates were shut out only four times all season—never by Warren Spahn or Lou Burdette, not by Don Drysdale or Sam Jones or Mike McCormick or Larry Jackson—yet Ford did it twice in two attempts.

Not once could a Pirate pitcher throw a complete game, not even Vernon Law, who completed 18 during the regular season, or Bob Friend, who completed 16. Law beat the Yankees twice in three tries and he made them look bad, but Law was

pitching with an injured ankle and he needed help in all three games from Roy Face. What happened to Friend is anyone's guess; during the season he was as good a pitcher as Law, sometimes better, yet the Yankees drove him out three times. Vinegar Bend Mizell failed, too. Harvey Haddix pitched very well for six innings, which is the way Haddix pitches. As for Face, he saved three games, and the surprising thing is that he failed to save a fourth, for Roy Face is the best relief pitcher in the business. So the Pirate pitching was generally subpar, too. But the Pirates won in seven games.

During the 1960 season the Yankees batted .265. They set an American League home run record of 193, but only one Yankee hitter was over .300 (Moose Skowron at .306), and not another was over .284. Yet in the World Series the Yankees hit .338 as a team. Elston Howard was .462, John Blanchard .455, Mickey Mantle .406, Skowron .375, Bobby Richardson .367, Tony Kubek .333, Yogi Berra .318. Richardson, in particular, was sensational. A .252 hitter with one home run and 26 runs batted in for the year, Richardson set records for runs batted in during a game (six) and during a Series (12). As a team the Yankees set records for most hits (91), most runs (55), most RBIs (54) and highest batting average. It was a spectacular performance, but if anyone thinks this is the way the Yankees play baseball all the time he has not seen much of them in the last two years.

Until the final game, it was a World Series lacking in many things. The three games which the Yankees won were so one-sided that pity for the Pirates was the predominant emotion; there was no suspense at all. If suspense existed in the three early Pirate victories, it was there merely because of an awareness of what the Yankee hitters might do, not because of what they did. The Yankees, once behind, seemed content to stay there.

There were only two stolen bases,

both by the Pirates in the first inning of the first game. Bill Virdon's wonderful catches and a superb job at third base by Don Hoak supplied most of the fielding excitement; the two shortstops made a total of five errors, and the two fine second basemen had nothing but routine chances.

Then came the seventh game.

It was not a great game, in the sense that a no-hitter or a 2-1 victory in 11 innings is. In some ways it was not even a good game. There was only one error, which did not affect the outcome, but there were several bad plays by both infields, and the pitchers on both sides made far too many mistakes. Yet it was one of the memorable games of World Series history. The Pirates won 10-9, and no one who was there will ever forget it. For dramatic impact, for climax piled upon climax with never an anticlimactic moment, it was unique. There are many who say it was the most exciting baseball game ever played. Some say it was the most exciting game that ever will be played.

The Pirates were ahead 4-1 in the sixth inning when Danny Murtaugh decided to take Vernon Law out. Rocky Nelson had hit a two-run homer off Bob Turley in the first inning and Bill Virdon had singled to center off Bill Stafford. Bill Skowron homered in the fifth for New York. Now in the sixth Law had given up a single and a walk, and it was apparent with each pitch that his ankle was hurting. So Murtaugh patted Law on the shoulder, took the baseball from his hand and called in Elroy Face.

But now the Yankees caught up with Face. Mantle singled, and a run scored. Berra, whipping his bat around in the strange, violent arc which has turned so many previous World Series games upside down, hit a tremendous fly ball, up, up into the upper deck in right field. The ball was fair by inches, and when it came down the Yankees were ahead 5-4.

In the eighth the Yankees scored twice again off Face on a walk to Berra, singles by Skowron and John Blanchard and a double by young Clete Boyer into left field. The score was now 7-4, and this seemed to be the end. But the Pirates would never have been in the World Series in the first place if they did not specialize in coming from behind in the eighth

continued

A KEY MOMENT OF THE BIG GAME came in the Pirate eighth when Bill Virdon hit a hard ground ball to shortstop. It hopped off a spike cut in the infield (not a pebble) and struck Tony Kubek a wicked blow in the throat. Kubek went down, the ball bounced away and both Virdon and Gino Cimoli, the Pirate runner on first base, were safe. Down 7-4, the Pirates went on to score five runs in the inning on singles by Dick Groat and Roberto Clemente and the tremendous clutch home run by Hal Smith.





WORLD SERIES *continued*

and ninth innings. That is the way the 1960 Pittsburgh Pirates won ball games all year.

Gino Cimoli batted for Face and singled into right field. Bill Virdon hit a hard, skipping ball down to shortstop and, on the Pirate bench, Danny Murtaugh saw the double play coming, and he winced. But as Kubek moved into position to field the ball, it took a last quick hop over his outstretched glove and hit him in the throat. Tony fell backwards to his right, the ball dropped six or eight feet to his left, toward second base, and by the time Richardson got there to pick it up both Cimoli and Virdon were safe.

Kubek went off to the dugout and into the hospital with a bruised larynx, and up came Groat with two men on base and no one out. Perhaps the bad hop was the key moment of the game, the big turning point. In any event, it was a tremendous break for the Pirates—and they exploited it.

Groat lined a hard single into left field, scoring Cimoli and knocking Bobby Shantz out of the game. Jim Coates came in to pitch. Skinner bunted the runners along. Nelson fled out. Clemente, swinging wildly at bad pitches, topped a weak dribbler down toward first base. Skowron was playing deep, and he was slow getting to the ball; when he finally picked it up and turned to throw to first, there was no one there. Coates had failed to cover, and whether the Yankees could have caught the flying Clemente or not, they never had the chance. If this was a break for the Pirates, and it was, the Yankees—not Fate—provided it. Virdon scored, and Groat went to third.

It was then that Hal Smith hit his home run. Not many people know much about Hal Smith. They confuse him with the other Hal Smith who catches for the Cardinals, and they forget that this Hal Smith won half a dozen games for the Pirates this year with home runs and that he hit .285 while sharing the catching job with Smoky Burgess over the season. Coates worked the count to two-and-two and then threw a good fast ball across the plate just below the belt. Hal Smith swung and the ball was

DEFEATED STENGEL stalls off field as hysterical Pirate rooters mob Mazeroski.

gone. It went over the left field fence just to the left of the 400-foot sign, and Berra, who was playing out there, did not bother to chase it very far. He knew it was gone, too.

This caused quite a bit of noise in Forbes Field. It lasted while Groat danced hilariously across the plate, and it grew louder as Clemente came leaping down the line like a kangaroo. It grew to an indescribable ear-splitting confusion of sound as Smith stomped on the plate too, a huge grin crinkling his face into a hundred happy lines that stretched back to Kansas City and Quincy and Ventura and Twin Falls and all the places in baseball where he has been.

This should have been the ball game, for here was Bob Friend ready to keep the Yankees down.

Not the seventh-day Yankees. Richardson singled, a little looper into left. Dale Long, batting for Kubek's replacement, Joe DeMaestri, singled hard into right, and Murtaugh took Friend out. Harvey Had-dix got Marie to pop out, but then Mickey Mantle came through with a single into left center field which drove in Richardson and sent Long around to third. Stengel sent in McDougald to run for Long. It was then

that the curious 1960 Series produced its most curious play.

Berra swung and hit a hard ground ball down the first base line. Nelson was there; he gloved it, picked it up and stepped on first base for the out. Then he straightened up, drew back his arm to throw down to second to complete the double play—and suddenly realized there was no reason to throw, for Mantle was standing within a few feet of him. Nelson is a good ballplayer, but Mantle is younger and his reflexes are quicker. He dived safely back into first base, eluding Nelson's frantic stab, and McDougald scored. The Yankees had tied up the game—and Pittsburgh, unable to believe that such a thing could happen, was stunned. Had Nelson tagged Mantle for the double play, the Series would have been over. Break or brilliance? Both.

When Bill Skowron ended the Yankee half of the ninth by grounding to Groat, Fate truly intervened. Fate's particular Pirate, Bill Mazeroski, came to bat. He had produced the deciding margin in two earlier Pirate victories, with a two-run homer in the first game, which Pittsburgh won 6-4, and a two-run double in the fifth game, which Pittsburgh won

5-2. He let one of Ralph Terry's fast balls go by. Then he hit the next one over the left field fence.

There was noise in Forbes Field then, too, and it went on for more than an hour. Mazeroski took off his cap and swung it around his head as he went leaping and frolicking around the bases. The fans spilled out of their seats and mobbed the Pirates, especially Mazeroski, who had to fight his way to home plate. A man ran out with a spade and dug up home plate, which may be hanging over some mantel in Pittsburgh right now.

Anyway, the pennant is in Pittsburgh, and the World Championship, too. It was fitting that the Pirates should win in the ninth and that they should come from behind. The only irony is that the Pittsburgh Pirates beat the New York Yankees with home runs, for the home run is a Yankee weapon, not theirs. But Pittsburgh is a good baseball team, and it makes use of what it has—pitching, defense, line drives to the opposite field. A bit more courage than most, a little more hunger. So why not home runs, too? The important thing is to save them for when they count. The Pirates had been saving those last three for 35 years. **END**

CELEBRATION IN CLUBHOUSE BEGAN WITH PIRATES GUZZLING CHAMPAGNE, ENDED WITH CHAMPAGNE BEING POURED ON PIRATES



BACKLASH IN THE BREAKERS

Photographs by Robert Goodman

Every fall, when foul weather stirs up the north Pacific, massive waves generated by distant storms roll onto the southwest coast of Oahu in the Hawaiian chain. With the coming of the big autumn surf, expert wave riders of Hawaii and California gather at a small beach called Makaha to compete in the annual international surfing championships. On the roughest days, when the waves are running 20 to 30 feet high, Makaha offers the contestants a special sort of trouble, shown at right and on the following pages. Because the crescent-shaped beach steepens suddenly from an irregular, gently sloping bottom, a big wave sometimes will rebound and roll back to sea, colliding violently with one coming in. As the two meet, the surfboard rider who a moment before was sliding confidently on the smooth, clean shoulder of the incoming wave, suddenly finds himself teetering on the back of a roaring white giant, steep enough and angry enough to swallow him whole.

As the wave he is riding collides with backwash from the beach, a surfer flails his arms to keep his balance in the violent explosion of water.







As the wave behind him suddenly steepens and starts to crest, a Hawaiian surfer tries to keep his



board sliding fast away from the thundering curl of water. If he can keep moving ahead of the wave, he

may be able to stay up; but if the foam of the crest catches him, he will be buried under tons of water.

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THE VIOLENT FACE OF PRO FOOTBALL



This is a harsh sport, played by big men who at once must be strong, courageous, graceful and stylish. Its emotion and power are transmitted, as never before, in these remarkable photographs by Robert Riger, until now known principally for his sketches of athletes. They are from a new book, "The Pros" (Simon and Schuster, \$10), by Riger and Tex Maule.

Copyright © 1980 by Robert Riger

In the ruck of the line the huge men fight their most savage (and least noticed) wars. The rules are their own, and almost the only law the linemen know is survival.





FACE OF FOOTBALL continued





Tall, thin, almost a figure from El Greco, one man (left) reflects the sorrow of loss; another (above), swinging a bulky leg, is frequent symbol of victory.



Pain is a part of the game. Above: under attack from two businesslike tacklers, the ball carrier's mouth is wide in futile complaint. At right: the pass is complete, but the receiver, borne high by two fierce defenders, is hurt. No matter—though he must leave the game he has set up a score.



ZERO FOR EIGHT—

by CAMERON HAWLEY

Illustrations by Francis Golden

Cameron Hawley, author of the bestselling novels 'Lincoln Lord' and 'Executive Suite,' sets out for a day of duck shooting and rediscovers a fundamental truth of the sport: there is as much pleasure in watching the swooping flight of a kingfisher, the silent stalk of a fox among the weeds, the circling of a gull as there is in bagging a limit of mallards

Dark morning. Time 6:55 a.m. Temperature 22°F. Wind: northeast, 20-25 mph. Only a half hour until sunrise but barely enough light to see. Rugged weather—wind right in my teeth, a stinging spit of bird-shot snow. Got bone-chilled putting out the decoys. A couple of hours of this and I'll have had more than enough.

First time in years that I've been alone in a blind, not even a guide standing by. Ollie is still in the hospital. Walt offered to come down and put out the decoys, but he had a heifer calving, and I knew he didn't want to leave her, so I said I'd do it myself. I've set a long but-toonhook of Bay blackhead decoys (25-30 of them), five mallards and two blacks around the corner, a pair of baldpates outside, three geese in the curve of the cove.



A PERFECT DAY

Hope I didn't grab any short-stringed blocks in the dark. No fun chasing loose decoys with a wind like this. Bad enough to have to pick up your own ducks.

Lighter now, and I can see that I didn't set as good a stool as I thought I had. Hard to judge distances in the dark.

No ducks in sight except a little raft of buffleheads and ruddies out beyond the bar. Tide very low with this big wind driving the water out of the bay.

7:42 a.m. Just discovered that I left my shell box in the car. The only shells I have with me now are the eight in my jacket pocket—all Number 6s, no 2s. Too long a hike back to the car. Ought to be enough for three ducks. But I'll have to pick my shots. Maybe this would

be a good way to set the federal limit—so many shells instead of so many ducks. Be a lot fewer cripples if there were some inducement to keep everyone from blasting away. A shell limit would show up a lot of fellows who fancy themselves good wing shots. Counting shells is always an ego deflator; three shells to a duck, day in and day out, is as good as I've ever seen any man do. Most hunters won't believe they're that bad, but you'll win nine times out of 10 if, at the end of the day, you bet that there are at least three empties in the bottom of the blind for every dead duck.

7:20 a.m. Awesome dawn effect—sun is breaking through the thin stratum of clear air that separates sky and earth, clouds seemingly ripped loose from the black water and flung across the sky, ragged edges matched to jumbled waves, blood-tinged by the red dawn light. The feeling that you are looking into a microscope at the torn tissue of a colossal wound.

7:35 a.m. Never, anywhere, do I drink coffee out of a vacuum bottle without triggering memories of mornings like this—the flavor of a duckblind. Why is that odd taste always there no matter how many times you scald the bottle?

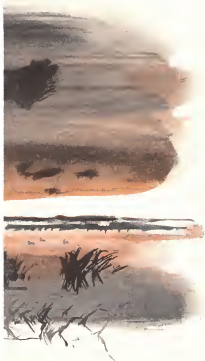
7:47 a.m. Hen mallard came in low, straight for the decoys, such a desperately anxious bid for companionship that I couldn't pull the trigger. She plopped in, motionless for a long time, seemingly exhausted. I stood in clear sight, but she made no move to swim away, watching me with nervous alertness yet seemingly assured that she had fairly won her safety and that I'd not go back on my bargain. Then there was a gunshot from a blind down the river, and she took off, frantically wingbeating for altitude against the wind that threatened to carry her back into the trees.

8 a.m. Temp. 21°F. Wind: N 20 mph

Wind has backed in the last few minutes. Noticed it first because of the changed tone of the pulsating hiss of the reeds that cover the blind. Tide still dropping. Have to get out and move the boat or it will be so solidly aground that I won't be able to shove it off by myself.

8:35 a.m. Always! No sooner out of the blind than a flight of blackheads came in right over the stool. They must have come from up the creek, behind me as I walked down the shore. My first consciousness was of the flight sound as they went past, low-pitched and soft, yet somehow instantly audible over the roar of the wind and the splash of waves breaking against the bank. No way to describe that sound—a little like the tearing of old silk, but that fails to suggest the excitement that it arouses. No other sound comes so close to stopping my heart, except, perhaps, the unexpected flush of a grouse in the suddenly broken silence of the deep woods. A man hunts less for birds than for those moments.

continued



Got the boat out far enough so that it will stay afloat. Heaved a long stern line with a grapnel.

8:50 a.m. Teased a baldpate drake in three times, using a tin dog whistle for a call. Never got him within range, though, and he wound up pitching in off Cedar Point.

9 a.m. Temp. 21°F. Wind: N 30 mph

Amazing how the temperature holds, only one degree variation in two hours. There must be an enormous reservoir of constant temperature air behind this wind. Ought to read some good new book on meteorology.

9:11 a.m. Two big flights up the river, both looking for some place to set down, but neither turned into this cove.

9:23 a.m. Saw some geese get up from Remington Farms and, almost simultaneously, heard a string behind me. In less than two minutes there were geese everywhere, all rising as if to the same cue. What signals them into the air?

9:40 a.m. Tried to make a count of all visible geese. Took a wild guess at 2,000, thinking I was probably low, but when I checked it out, there were under 500—23 strings with an estimated average of 20 birds.

Geese very high, climbing and climbing as they head for open water. Saw only two bunches drop, both in the same field. When the first went in there was a terrific cannonading, and then the second string set their wings but flared off at the last minute. Probably caught the gunners off base, out of the blind, picking up their first birds. Geese are strange critters. Once they start using a field, they keep coming despite hell or high water. Not always a matter of feed. We had them last year in that plowed field, day after day, not feeding, not even picking up gravel. Watched them for two hours through the glasses one day and never saw a bird's head go down.

10 a.m. Temp. 23°F. Wind: NW 30 mph

My guess on wind velocity may be low—I've got a little lee now that it's around to NW. Still whitecaps on the open water. Snow has stopped.

Some shooting down river, a dozen rounds or more, but nothing came up.

10:25 a.m. Goose flight ended as abruptly as it began. One minute the

sky was full of them, the next minute they were all down. Had a single overhead for a good five minutes—seven turns over the blind. Went off as far as the Windmill Woods, but I still managed to call her back. Why do I always think of a lone goose as a female? Sentimental, imagining that the gander has been shot, leaving a lonely widow. The tragedy of breaking up a life-mated pair. Probably why I don't relish goose shooting as much as I once did. Must be getting too soft-hearted. Can't even shoot rabbits any more. I never could shoot a squirrel.

10:35 a.m. Not as alone as I had imagined. A flicker of motion caught my eye. A mouse perched on a cross-brace at the far end of the blind,

Bothers me that so many wildfowlers nowadays are old men. Not a man in the restaurant this morning was under 50. I imagine it's partly the result of expense. The way the cost of duck hunting here in the East has skyrocketed, you've got to have an old man's bank roll to get anywhere near a good ducking shore these days—and then no ducks! When you figure out the cost per duck, maybe all duck hunters are a little mad.

11:25 a.m. Stove's going and the soup's on. Of all the gadgetry that I've been suckered into buying over the years, this little alcohol stove is the one jackpot payoff. Today I'm having vegetable soup—dehydrated mix, flavored with a couple of extra bouillon cubes—and cubed steaks on



plainly aware of my presence, watching me constantly, yet edging closer and closer. Inadvertently I moved, and he panicked, made a wild dash across the brace, leaped to the seat, the floor and then into what I can now see is a nest of shredded paper behind the box of spare decoy weights. Wonder if he has a mate? Be a lonely winter if he doesn't. But why am I so certain it's a male?

11 a.m. Temp. 25°F. Wind: NW 10-15 mph

Crow convention over in the woods. Big hawk patrolling back and forth along the hedgerow between the cornfield and the new wheat, rabbit hunting. Watched him for a long while. Looks as though he's not having any luck either.

pan-toasted buns. Almost as good as a Maine woods cookout.

Strange, the reaction I've had to cooking in the blind. So many duck hunters seem to think that there is something wrong about it, as if eating soggy indigestible cold sandwiches was a necessary proof of manly fortitude. Jim refuses to wear insulated boots. Says that if his feet weren't cold he wouldn't feel as if he were really duck hunting. Perhaps discomfort is a necessary conditioning of the mind if you're to achieve the man-against-nature illusion that's unquestionably a basic appeal of hunting and fishing. There was that day on the pheasant preserve over at Gettysburg when we tramped all afternoon in a driving rain, and everyone agreed

that it was a wonderful hunt. Then, the next time, on a beautiful Indian summer day, we were all complaining that preserve shooting was too far a cry from wild hunting.

12 noon Temp. 45°F. Wind: NW 10 mph

Dead—not a duck in sight for over an hour, not even a distant flight. Another bad year. This is the worst season I've known, the fewest ducks I've ever bagged in all the years I've shot on the Eastern Shore. They claim it's the result of bad hatching conditions. But there may be something to Charley's theory that there is more than a coincidental connection between the duck shortage and the clamp-down on baiting. Until Maryland finally surrendered to the Federal boys, corn was dumped all the way from Havre de Grace to Chincoteague, thousands and thousands of tons of it. It was one of the biggest game feeding operations anywhere in the world, right in the middle of the flyway, halfway between Canada and Cuba. Ducks stopped in here by the thousands, exhausted and hungry, took on a load of food and rested up. A lot were killed, but still it was a small percentage of the total flight, and the birds that went south—next year's breeding stock—were strong and vigorous. Charley says that the few ducks they shot down at Mattamuskeet last year were in the poorest condition he'd ever seen: "Some of them cans didn't have no more meat on 'em than a starved hell-diver." No real sportsman is in favor of shooting over baited decoys, but it may well be true that corn dumped a fair distance from the blind saves a lot more ducks than it kills.

1 p.m. Temp. 27°F. Wind: Variable, 5-10 mph

Low cloud cover lifting and breaking up. Wind down to fitful little puffs from all around the compass. Nothing flying, and I haven't heard a shot for a long time.

Being alone today is oddly pleasant. I'd not have chosen it—I've so often passed up a day of shooting or fishing because there was no companion available. Yet, alone, there's a sharpening of all the senses of perception, a mind more fully opened to the fascination of sky and water, an alert awareness undimmed by the slightest distraction.

1:35 p.m. Almost blasted away at

continued

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our pet kingfisher. Caught him out of the corner of my eye, and my gun was up before I realized that he'd fooled me again. Mystery why this lone kingfisher stays around this blind—three years now. Can it possibly be the same bird? But I've seen no other anywhere along this shore.

2 p.m. Temp. 30°F. Wind: 0

In the last few minutes, it's gone flat calm. There will be no ducks flying now, but I'll give it another half hour. Pleasant here than it would be back in town.

Tide's dropping, the point bar is showing, and the gulls are starting to come in. I wonder why, of all the killing man does, gulls are so universally bypassed. Everywhere I've ever been, all over the world, killing a gull is a serious offense against whatever gods bestow good fortune, certain to bring down the worst of bad luck. Superstitions are much more effective than game laws.

2:35 p.m. Two pairs of blacks came down the creek in the last 10 minutes, high and far out of range. Then came a lone mallard drake that I momentarily mistook for another black until, flashing across a thin shaft of sunlight, I caught a glimpse of that jewel-glinting green head. I turned him with a feed call, and he came back, close enough for a possible shot. But I held fire, remembering all the times I've kicked myself for firing too soon. So much of wing shooting is instinct, reactions much too fast for conscious thought. A good wing shot will almost invariably mount a gun and get off his first shot in less than two seconds.

3 p.m. Temp. 31°F. Wind: S 5 mph

Very light southerly breeze, barely enough to swing the decoys. Ought to reset them to this wind shift but question whether it's worth the trouble. Nothing flying.

3:10 p.m. Blue jays screaming in the cedar hedge behind the blind, suddenly stilled. Thought it might be that buck we saw last week, so I speared a look, seeing nothing at first, finally noticing a reddish undertone behind a clump of dead weeds. Through the binoculars I finally saw that it was a red fox, crouched low, tail extended, watching something hidden from my sight. Subconsciously imitative, I froze, too, holding my breath, released only when the fox leaped, a russet blur almost instantly lost in dead-grass blankness. And

then the blue jays were screaming again, and I saw nothing more. But overhead now, appearing out of nowhere, two buzzards are hanging in the sky.

3:45 p.m. Wind back in the north again, piping up fast, decoys dancing. This might get some ducks moving. One good dart, and I'd be willing to call it a day.

Three ruddies came in from the river, wave-top skimming, plunked in far out and then swam into the reeds. All drakes, perky little devils with their up-slanted tails.

A bunch of baldpates fooling around high over the trees on the far shore, wheeling, dropping with that old broken-wing flutter, catching themselves, flaring, soaring, the only ducks that give me the impression of taking to the air for the sheer joy of flight. All the others fly so purposefully, with such grim determination. The enormous effort that a duck has to expend to live out the pattern of his life—what evolutionary process could possibly have impressed the necessity of a yearly migration over such enormous distances?

4 p.m. Temp. 27°F. Wind: NW 20-25 mph

Weather right around the circle, almost back to where it was at dawn. Seems colder than the thermometer reads. Chilled through, but I might as well stick it out now. A flight of redheads just went up the river. Might have been cans, too far away to be certain.

4:12 p.m. Thought for a minute or two that this was the payoff. A pair of mallards turned in, circled the cove twice, set their wings for an instant—and then suddenly flared, rocket-

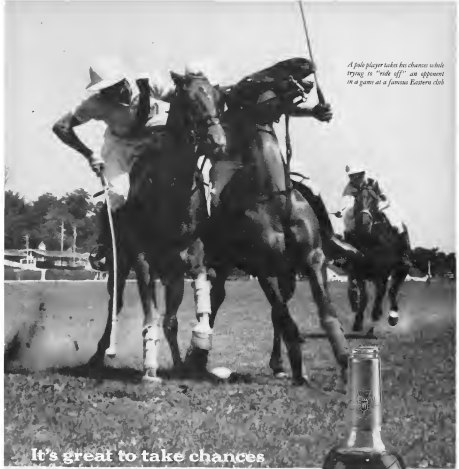
ing up as if they had been shot at. Why? If there had been anyone else in the blind, I would have sworn that he had moved. I know I didn't. But something spooked them, maybe just recognizing a stool and a blind. Why shouldn't they? I've always thought we were foolish to build blinds to such a standardized pattern, always a rectangular box, always the same dry reed covering. Surely ducks must learn to recognize and avoid that visual image. But I completely failed to prove my point the year I insisted on cedar-covering what had always been our best blind only to have it become the worst, so bad that we gave up using it. Uncle Frank was probably right: "There ain't nothing makes a man feel dumber than trying to out-think a duck!"

4:50 p.m. All packed up and ready to leave, the eight shells back in my jacket pocket. Walt is out picking up the decoys. He came down on the tractor, leaving it behind the boney-suckle bank until I waved him in at the last sunset minute. When I told him I had no ducks he looked at the stool and said, "I knowed I shoulda come down and set it for you. Might as well a done it, too. Darned fool heifer didn't calve anyway. You didn't get nothing, huh, not even a baldpate? Well, I figured you couldn't be doing too much. Saw you left your shell box back in your car. Didn't hear no shooting neither. But I thought you must be doing something, or you'd quit. You said this morning if they wasn't flying you wouldn't stick it out, not on no miserable day like this."

I said it hadn't been too bad a day, not bad at all.

END





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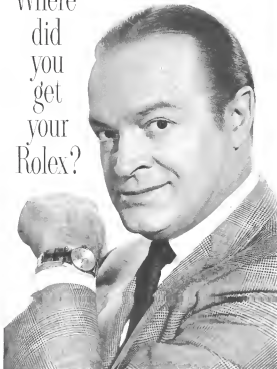
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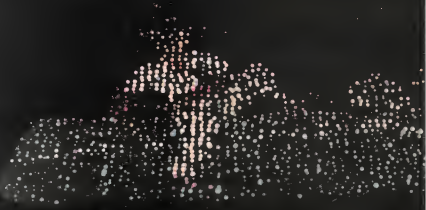
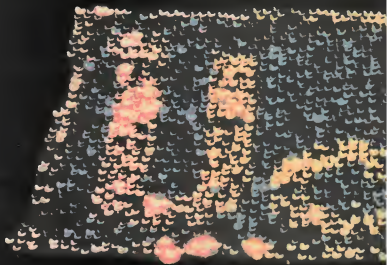
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LIGHT TOUCH AT UCLA

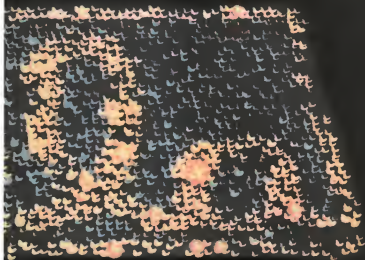
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Photographs by Phil Berk

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So says Ben Kerner, and he's right. The voluble owner of the Hawks has created the most profitable franchise in pro basketball

by GILBERT ROGIN

THIS IS Ben Kerner," said Ben Kerner the other day. "This is the symbol of what started from nothing. Today I'm a national figure. I could have been a national bum." Today Kerner, a darkly intent talker with the swift, clever, rapturous face of a Yiddish character actor, a triumphant laugh and a whining, exclamatory voice which modulates from an outrageous shout to a fierce whisper in a sentence shorter than this, has built the St. Louis Hawks, which he owns, into a million-dollar business and the most successful franchise in professional basketball. "The best franchise," Kerner explains, "is the one that makes the most money, not the one that wins the most games. That's all this thing revolves around. You can only exist if you sell tickets. Nothing else."

Kerner brought the Hawks to St. Louis in 1955 after 10 desperate years of not selling tickets in Buffalo, his home, in Tri-Cities (Moline and Rock Island, Ill., Davenport, Iowa) and Milwaukee. He was \$165,000 in the hole, had never drawn a salary or taken a vacation. Now that Kerner can afford vacations he doesn't enjoy them. "I can't relax unless I'm doing something," he says. "I can't wait for tomorrow to start when I go to bed." "Ben has on his night table a pencil and a little book," Kerner's mother says. "Middle of the night I can hear him write something." Kerner, who is 43, lives with his widowed mother. He has never married.

continued

There are three bad weeks in show business: Holy Week, Christmas Week and a week in Milwaukee. Kerner played Milwaukee four years, finished last in the Western Division of the National Basketball Association four years. "We worked and hustled and drew 360 opening night," he says. "After that it fell off. No, that's not true. You can make a big thing bigger. You can't make an ordinary thing big. You can't publicize a funeral, but you can glamorize it."

"WANTED" Kerner advertised in the Milwaukee papers, "Basketball Fans. No Experience Necessary." During a coffee shortage he tried giving away coffee retailing at \$1.08 a jar to women purchasing \$1 tickets. "Meaning," he says, "if you hated basketball you could still make an 8¢ profit. And this is a woman's sport. To see those guys running around in their shorts, that's really something. I should have thrown in bus fare."

"I can incite a riot faster than anyone. I can't incite nothing in Milwaukee. In Milwaukee they said the guy's a lunatic. This is a nut. In St. Louis they say: This is a genius. I do a lot of funny things. I call myself Benny the Boob. I camouflage myself. I fight with referees, fire coaches, tear programs. You sell yourself as a character, you get space. Jack Benny changes his act. Gleason changes his. Not Kerner. I got Kernerisms!" He also has an imitator, a sure sign of success, who mimics Kerner at banquets. In turn, Kerner, when he runs low on Kernerisms, imitates his imitator.

"Not everybody likes me," Kerner says. "I don't intend it. What am I? An angel? God? Here, if I back my ear out of the garage it's news. In Milwaukee I could crawl on my knees, I couldn't get three lines in the paper. In Milwaukee I tell them that my biggest disappointment was that I was a failure in Milwaukee. I never knock. I got to tell the people they're great. I got to tell them they're a great sports town. They didn't know whether we were playing in the municipal league or on wheelchairs!"

"I came to St. Louis on a gamble," Kerner says. "There was no other place to go. Everybody left here, they said. What's his angle? they said. My angle! I'm trying to stay alive. This is success. You're looking

at success. This isn't the story of the Hawks. This is the story of me. I withdrew the Browns. I have the second-best attendance in the league, and I'm sixth in capacity. I'll sell 3,500 season tickets this year." Indeed, he has been called a Horatio Alger story. "Horatio Alger?" Kerner gags. "I don't get the reference. Who does he play for?"

Why Kerner and the Hawks succeeded in St. Louis cannot, of course, be scientifically determined. In Kerner's opinion, population has a lot to do with it. "Why's a major league town a major league town?" he asks, rhetorically. "Population. You can only get a certain amount of people to an attraction, and every year you lose 15% of them. Why? They move away, lose interest, take up golf, buy a boat, join a country club, lose their job, buy a home and can't afford it. We had this girl and fellow, met at a Hawks game. They sat next to each other. They fell in love, got married. Then they couldn't afford tickets. They had to buy furniture! I romanced them. I paid for their honeymoon. I'm a smart guy!"

Dance bands, tennis and fireworks

"In reverse, the other thing's happening. There's a continual turnover. Eventually, if you don't have a big city, you play yourself out. That's why I'm trying to build in other categories." Last season, for instance, Kerner staged 18 special attractions at no extra charge after his basketball games: principally, such bands as Harry James, Sammy Kaye, Duke Ellington and Count Basie. This year he's adding Jack Kramer's tennis troupe and Althea Gibson. "You got to give the people more than just a place to go," he says. "Only about half the people stay for the dancing, but it's like Bill Veeck's scoreboard. If they come only for the fireworks, O.K. The hell with the baseball. Sell tickets and have a fireworks night."

Another reason for Kerner's success is that he devotes all of his time and abundant energy to basketball. "I am the only owner in basketball," he says, "with no other business. Basketball is my business. I found out one thing in life, and nobody knows more about themselves than I do: I succeed only in the thing I devote all my time to. I don't need anything else."

"What have I got an exclusive on? I got an exclusive on hard work? If

you work for me I want complete dedication. I'm the hardest person to work for. I'm the easiest person to work for. You work nights. You work Saturday. You work Sunday. Around sport, people become discussers. They just like to sit around and talk. They become part of the deal. Here everybody works. Other people play golf, gamble, get drunk, keep a dozen broods. I want results. In sports it's too late to rectify mistakes."

"I know nothing but basketball. I don't want to know anything else. I'm competing. We're all competing for the same dollar. There's no other battle. Basketball hasn't had it easy. I haven't had it easy. It's a tough business. You can't get mad at money. It ain't no ham sandwich. I pay for results. Nobody buys tickets today on yesterday's victories. One thing I've learned in this business: keep beating them. Pro basketball is like a New York nightclub. It's easy to get into but hard to get out. There are no moral victories in sport. When all's said and done, you have to win on the court."


"I've got no personal feeling when it comes to the success of this thing. You can't let your feeling overshadow your thinking. If people assure you they'll buy tickets win or lose, it would be different. You got to win to survive. What am I running, the Salvation Army? Once I had a terrific memory. I've trained my memory not to remember anything. This is a detail business."

Kerner is a relentless, ingenious promoter, except when Detroit, a poor attraction, comes to town. "What am I going to do? Create a flood?" All of his games, including exhibitions, are broadcast; many are televised. Kerner is sponsored by Busch Bavarian Beer. "You got to have your extras," he says, "your sponsor, your game program, or you can't open. You can never take in enough at the box office to pay your overhead." He has three radio shows featuring himself, his current coach, Paul Seymour, and his star, Bob Pettit. One show is on 52 weeks a year. He sells season tickets on a buy-now-pay-later plan and pays the financing. He has clinics. His players speak before business and fraternal groups. "Our guys don't have make fright," Kerner says proudly. "We got nothing but announcers."

Despite the noise, commotion and

continued

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"SMILE?" SAYS HAWKS' OWNER KERNER. "WHAT'S THERE TO SMILE ABOUT IN THIS BUSINESS? MY OWN MOTHER PRAYED FOR LOSS, SO

BASKETBALL SUCCESS *continued*

shrewdness, many people consider Kerner a "sweet, impulsive, generous guy." "That's some man," Pettit has said. "Boy, he's great." He lends his players money for cars and homes, buys them clothes and presents, sends flowers when their wives have babies. "Larry Foust was in this league 10 years," Kerner says. "He had three children while he played with other teams, and nobody ever sent flowers. My mother sent Mrs. Foust flowers. She cried like a baby. Our players wound up with more money than Boston after losing to them in the playoff finals last season. I kicked in \$5,000. It was against league rules. I'll never do it again. I made a boo-boo. But I got to do something others won't do." Pettit has given Kerner a \$1,000 stereo. "Just a little something," Pettit wrote, "to show my appreciation and gratitude for the many wonderful ways you have helped me."

Kerner often hands out mail in the dressing room and lingers to kid and kibitz. "I got to be a mailman, a clown?" Dale Long said when he was with the Giants Stoneham never talked to him. What would it kill him to say hello? The players have got to be with you. You got to show them you're interested."

In the last four years the Hawks have won their division four times, the world championship once and have the best won-and-lost record

in the NBA, with the exception of the Boston Celtics. Yet the team has only two members remaining from the 1957-58 champions, Pettit and Cliff Hagan. Aside from this year's rookies and Pettit and Al Ferrari, the team was put together by trades and cash. "The cheapest thing you can buy is talent," Kerner says. He calls the owners of the other teams almost daily, sniffing for trades. "Some days I make five or six nonsensical calls," he says. "I watch the papers. A guy lost three straight. I call him up. 'Teez, it's tough,' I say. I talk fast. I don't tell them nothing they can't find out anyway. But I listen."

Kerner is celebrated for firing his coaches. ("Don't say fire," he winces. "Say replace.") He has had six at St. Louis. "Coaching basketball," he explains, "is one of the most difficult jobs in sport. You're everything: public relations, traveling secretary, chaplain, manager. You sit on the court. You're exposed. You're handling All-Americans—spoiled, glamorized, cover-story All-Americans. If a coach gets in a rut, he starts pressing, makes things worse. With a new man, there's no pressure, the players are loose. Sometimes you have to change coaches because it changes the atmosphere, the tempo around the team."

Kerner's first coach at St. Louis was Red Holzman. He lasted a year and a half. "I had to replace Red," Kerner explains. "The club was way down. Red was way down. It was just that sometimes you lose the grip."

Kerner considered replacing him with Alex Hannum, a front-line reserve. "I never liked Hannum," Kerner says. "He was a real tough hombre. I couldn't justify making him coach." Kerner picked, instead, nice guy Slater Martin. Martin tried to be a player-coach for several games but found he was not equal to it and would rather just play. "I felt, under the circumstances," Kerner says, "that Hannum was the best man. We've got a tough club to coach. Hannum wanted it. Martin's in the record book as coaching eight games; he coached maybe three. Actually, Hannum was in charge. I couldn't change that quick. It would have looked like I was out of my mind."

Hannum won the championship and got a two-year contract, but after another year he decided he wanted more money or he would stay in the construction business. "Construction business?" Kerner says. "He's a carpenter—hammer and nails. That's it, I said. And the door was closed. He did a hell of a job, but he never was my type of guy. But you always like a guy when he's winning, hate a guy when he's losing. I'm talking businesswise. I didn't feel safe with him. He wasn't loyal."

At the start of the 1958-59 season came Andy Phillip. He lasted 10 games. "You could see once we started he didn't have it," Kerner says. "He didn't max. Practice over, out he went. We were six and four, but we had no zip, no desire. I offered the



IF YOU GET OUT OF IT, A LOT OF THIS CAN BE PRETTY AGGRAVATING. BUT BASKETBALL'S A LOT OF FUN—THAT'S IF YOU MAKE MONEY*

job to Easy Ed Macauley. We win the division by 16 games. Last season we win again by 15, but our club doesn't look good winning. I replaced Macauley. I made him vice-president. Now he resigned that to devote himself to a business career. General Motors is plenty worried." ("Resigned?" says Kerner's mother. "When did he ever work? Easy Ed is right.")

"I like Macauley," Kerner insists. "He's sincere, loyal, religious, but he didn't have the guts. He didn't look for this as a future. Seymour becomes available, resigns from Syracuse, calls me. He thinks there's a future here. Basketball is also his future. I do feel Paul's a better coach than Macauley. Plus, this is his life. I gave him a three-year contract. Now we're taking him out to dinner everywhere. Fattening him up for the kill."

Indeed, it has become a joke. When St. Louis played its first exhibition ("Call it preseason," pleads Kerner) game of the year in Evansville, Ind., Seymour rode a fire truck in a parade from the airport to the hotel. "I've lost a lot of coaches," Kerner said, "but this'll be the first one that fell off a fire engine. And they'll blame me, too. But this parade's a hell of a thing. We save \$12 on cabs!" When Seymour appeared for his first radio program the announcer said, "Great to have you here, Coach..." "Coach?" deadpanned Seymour. "Didn't you read today's papers?"

Kerner is hurt by the criticism he

gets for firing coaches. "What's the big deal?" he says. "They weren't coaches until I made them coaches. What are you supposed to do, live with a guy until he breaks you? Better we should be failures? So they should say nice things? What do I run here, an old folks' home?"

Besides his many trades and coaches, Kerner is best known for the agonies he suffers during a game. He smokes furiously, indiscriminately, tears up programs, chews gum and mints, fights with referees, rival coaches. "If I didn't tear up programs they'd think I was losing interest," he says. "They bring me programs to tear up. Everybody's looking at me. They go home happy!"

Home for Kerner is a four-TV apartment in a residential hotel on St. Louis' Forest Park. "One of the reasons I was able to gamble and win," he says, "was I wasn't married. I can always start all over again. Call mother, tell her I won't be home for dinner." Helen Kerner is a shrewd, humorous lady whom Ben calls "my chairman of the board." When Kerner changed sponsors from Falstaff to Anheuser-Busch, she went to the brewery, as she says, "to see if the money's good. All I saw was streets and streets of barrels and railroads. Ben, I said, the money's good."

Kerner's recreation is limited to

long early-morning walks in Forest Park, an occasional rubdown ("My mother calls it a rubout") and "schmoozing" with the boys. "I've never had dinner in anyone's home in St. Louis in the last five years," he says. "A lot of instances you have to be a loner. Otherwise you get to the point where you have to answer a lot of questions. I came here to do a job in sports, not to be a social lion. Actually, sometimes you can be lonely, with people you don't know calling. Ben! Mr. Kerner! How's the team? If I joined a country club—they want me to join—I'd be too common. This way you're a little mysterious. What can they say to hurt you? Who's my best friend? I don't... I got a million friends. But you're lonely only when you have nothing to do."

The other night he stood outside the arena in Evansville watching the fans line up at the ticket windows. "I get a big thrill out of this," he said. "This is achievement. This is a romantic business. This is a business of dreams."

The next morning his mother, who had listened to the Evansville game on the radio, told Kerner that his sportscasters hadn't plugged the first preseason game in St. Louis. "What do they think we are—a public service?" Kerner exploded. "It's a battle, a battle, a battle."

THIS WEEK THE NBA OPENS ITS 14TH SEASON, WITH A NEW FRANCHISE IN LOS ANGELES AND 37 TV GAMES. FOR SCOUTING REPORTS, TURN PAGE

BOSTON
CELTICSCOACH: RED AUERBACH
LIFETIME NBA RECORD: WON 555, LOST 310

Yes, Bob Cousy and Bill Sharman are a year older but this is still the finest basketball team ever assembled. Last year the Celtics had 17- and 7-game winning streaks and easily won their fourth consecutive Eastern Division championship. They look even better this season. Jim Loscutoff has recovered completely from a slipped disk operation, and a full season of Loscutoff adds power up front. This also permits Red Auerbach to use Frank Ramsey as a sixth man instead of as a starter. So Ramsey will again be the most dangerous substitute in the NBA. Bill Russell can hardly improve on defense and gets better every year on offense. Boston's first draft choice, Tom Sanders, has rebounded and scored well in exhibition games and he may be an alternate starter before the year is over. The Jones boys (Sam and K.C.) may play alter-



nate quarters with Cousy and Sharman this year, a system that worked well in last season's playoffs with Philadelphia; they would be first-string anywhere else in the league. Tom Heinsohn is now an authentic All-Star, an intense, all-round competitor, and Gene Conley adds defensive and rebounding strength up front. Often undervalued, too, is Auerbach's tested skill in handling his players. Boston is best in the backcourt, best in the forecourt and undeniably the best in the Eastern Division.

CELTICS VS. OPPONENTS
1959-60

	WON	LOST
Philadelphia	8	5
Syracuse	8	5
New York	12	1
St. Louis	6	3
Detroit	5	0
Minneapolis	5	1
Cincinnati	5	1
Totals	59	16

LEADING SCORERS*

Tom Heinsohn	21.7
Bob Cousy	19.4
Bill Sharman	19.3

LEADING REBOUNDERS*

Bill Russell	24.0
Tom Heinsohn	13.6
Gene Conley	8.3

ASSIST LEADERS*

Bob Cousy	5.5
Bill Russell	3.7
K. C. Jones	2.5

*Denotes per-game average

SYRACUSE
NATIONALSCOACH: ALEX HANNUM
LIFETIME NBA RECORD: WON 151, LOST 47

The fastest backcourt in the league—rapidly becoming one of the slickest as well—and the still magnificent Dolph Schayes are Syracuse's chief claims to a playoff spot this season. The guards are Larry Costello, Hal Greer, Dick Barnett and Al Bianchi, the last two somewhat erratic, but all good ball handlers and breakaway runners. After a year of seasoning, Barnett should begin to perform close to the potential of his excellent change-of-pace maneuvers and long-range shooting. Schayes, in his 12th season, may be a half step slower than he was, but his intense competitiveness easily compensates for this. In the other corner, sadly, there is no George Yardley this year. George has retired, and the best New Coach Alex Hannum can hope for is, "Maybe we can replace him with three men of varied ability." The three will come from among Bob Hop-



kins, Barney Cable, Joe Roberts, Cal Ramsey and Dave Gambee, all strong, capable men but none with Yardley's rare scoring touch. In the pivot, Johnny Kerr is often surprisingly effective against the Russells and Chamberlains, just as often does poorly against weaker rivals. Swede Halbrook, 7 feet 3, will spell Kerr adequately after he becomes familiar with NBA personnel. Hannum has an aggressive, inspirational style. He seldom fails to get the most out of players. It's an edge Syracuse will need.

NATS VS. OPPONENTS
1959-60

	WON	LOST
Boston	5	5
Philadelphia	5	8
New York	12	2
St. Louis	4	5
Detroit	5	4
Minneapolis	8	1
Cincinnati	7	2
Totals	45	30

LEADING SCORERS*

Dolph Schayes	22.5
George Yardley	20.2
John Kerr	14.7

LEADING REBOUNDERS*

Dolph Schayes	12.8
John Kerr	12.2
George Yardley	7.8

ASSIST LEADERS*

Larry Costello	6.3
Dolph Schayes	3.4
Dick Barnett	2.8

*Denotes per-game average

PHILADELPHIA WARRIORS

COACH: NEIL JOHNSTON
LIFETIME NBA RECORD: WON 42, LOST 28

Wilt Chamberlain was chiefly responsible for the NBA's 23% rise in attendance last season and totally responsible for Philadelphia's rise from fourth to second place in their division. He scored 50 or more points in seven games, more than 40 in 28 games. He set records in rebounding, total points and other important categories, and though he still does not play basketball with any apparent enjoyment his pride pushes him to peak effort. Even with Wilt, however, the big step for the Warriors—from second to first place—seems beyond their abilities. Their first five may be a match for Boston, but the bench is not. Guy Rodgers and Tom Gola are a nice blend of playmaking, speed and scoring in the backcourt. Paul Arizin has few equals up front, and ex-Hawk Ed Conlin should play more here than he would have played in St. Louis and thus



has a good chance of regaining the fine form he showed two years ago with the Syracuse Nationals. But the hectic pace of pro ball demands topflight bench support and Philadelphia's is only so-so. Joe Graboski, Andy Johnson and Vern Hatten don't save ball games the way Boston's substitutes do, and they don't win many on their own. The Warriors were not able to beat either Boston or St. Louis over the season last year and they will not do it this time. In a short playoff series, however, they might beat anyone.

WARRIORS VS. OPPONENTS 1955-60

	WON	LOST
Boston	5	8
Syracuse	8	5
New York	9	4
St. Louis	4	5
Detroit	7	2
Minneapolis	7	2
Cincinnati	9	0
Totals	48	26

LEADING SCORERS*

Wilt Chamberlain	37.6
Paul Arizin	22.0
Tom Gola	15.3

LEADING REBOUNDERS*

Wilt Chamberlain	26.9
Tom Gola	10.4
Paul Arizin	8.6

ASSIST LEADERS*

Guy Rodgers	7.1
Tom Gola	5.5
Wilt Chamberlain	2.3

*Denotes per-game average

NEW YORK KNICKERBOCKERS

COACH: CARL REBURN
LIFETIME NBA RECORD: WON 16, LOST 26

There is no better example than the Knicks of the fact that a winner in pro ball must have a big, mobile, intelligent center. The Knicks have everything else, and they have finished last in their division in three of the past four seasons despite excellent use of their strength and fine tactical attempts to cover up this one weakness. They now have rookie Darrall Imhoff to alternate with Charlie Tyra, but all Imhoff's training has been in West Coast control-style ball and he has a lot to learn. Tyra improved considerably last year, especially in his outside shooting, but still does not handle the ball well. Elsewhere, this club is certainly sound. Willie Naulls and Kenny Sears shoot and rebound with the best. Sears put on some weight during the summer, should not weaken by midseason as he has in the past. Rookie Dave Budd



and Mike Farmer are strong alternates. Richie Guerin is one of the highest-scoring guards in the league, defends well and is beginning to fill the role of playmaker with speed and deception. Jack George is a capable sidekick for him, and rookie Bob McNeill has a nice outside shot. Kelly Coleman comes to pro ball from Kentucky Wesleyan with the reputation of being hard to handle and a marvelous shooter. In exhibitions thus far he has shown neither trust. The Knicks will do well to finish third.

KNICKERBOCKERS VS. OPPONENTS 1955-60

	WON	LOST
Boston	1	12
Philadelphia	4	9
Syracuse	2	11
St. Louis	3	6
Detroit	5	4
Minneapolis	5	4
Cincinnati	7	2
Totals	27	45

LEADING SCORERS*

Richie Guerin	23.8
Willie Naulls	21.3
Kenny Sears	18.5

LEADING REBOUNDERS*

Willie Naulls	14.2
Kenny Sears	13.7
Charlie Tyra	8.1

ASSIST LEADERS*

Richie Guerin	6.3
Carl Braun	5.8
Jack George	3.5

*Denotes per-game average

ST. LOUIS HAWKS

COACH: PAUL SEYMOUR

LIFETIME NBA RECORD: WON 155, LOST 124

No team has ever won a divisional title in the NBA as easily as the Hawks have won their last two—by 16 games in 1959-60 and by 15 games in 1958-59. And what is to stop them from winning their fifth consecutive title this year? Nothing. Bob Pettit still retains the light and accurate touch with his push shot, still tears rebounds from the backboards with the league's best. Clyde Lovellette is big (6 feet 9) and blocky (235 pounds), and Cliff Hagan has improved in every department in each of his five years in the league. Recently acquired Woody Sauldsberry should get over his sulks, away from Philly, and be a big help. This front line guarantees the Hawks 70 points a game. Slater Martin retired after last season, and the backcourt will need a hustler in his place. John McCarthy, Al Ferrari, Sibugo Green and Ernie Beek are the capable



candidates. Up front Larry Foust and Dave Frontek are finespot players. Rookies Len Wilkens, who played for Providence College last year, and Fred La Cour, from San Francisco, will probably stick with the club and could improve it. As usual, the Hawks have a new coach. This time it's Paul Seymour, one of the very best in the business, who has every quality of skill and temperament the job demands. The Hawks may run a bit more this season, and they'll probably run right away with their division.

HAWKS VS. OPPONENTS 1959-60

	WON	LOST
Boston	3	6
Philadelphia	5	4
Syracuse	5	4
New York	6	3
Detroit	8	5
Minneapolis	10	3
Cincinnati	9	4
Totals	46	29

LEADING SCORERS*

Bob Pettit	26.1
Cliff Hagan	24.8
Clyde Lovellette	20.8

LEADING REBOUNDERS*

Bob Pettit	16.9
Cliff Hagan	10.7
Clyde Lovellette	10.6

ASSIST LEADERS*

Slater Martin	5.2
John McCarthy	4.4
Cliff Hagan	4.0

*Denotes per-game average

LOS ANGELES LAKERS

COACH: FRED SCHAUSS

LIFETIME NBA RECORD: WON 6, LOST 0

The Lakers will be a new team this season, playing in a new town and in the second largest arena (capacity 14,871) in the NBA. It is also possible that the Lakers will be the most improved team in the league. In 1959-60, playing as the Minneapolis Lakers, they lost 20 of their first 28 games and never fully recovered. They finished third, 21 games behind the Hawks but only five behind second-place Detroit. This year the Lakers have a new coach: Fred Schauss, formerly of West Virginia, where he developed All-Americans Rod Hundley and Jerry West, both now with Los Angeles. Elgin Baylor, Rudy La Russo, Tom Hawkins and rookie Howie Jolliff are good cornermen, and Baylor, of course, can play anywhere. But Ray Felix and Jim Krebs are barely adequate in the pivot. Felix, 6 feet 11, averaged only 7.3 points per game last year, and Krebs is not a strong



rebounder. Hundley, Frank Selvy and Bob Leonard are sound backcourt men, and West should be one of the best in the league—even in his first year. He and Hundley obviously are well schooled in Schauss's fast-break patterns, but the team needs better rebounding if it is going to use this weapon effectively. The Lakers' travel schedule—toughest in the NBA—may well affect their play as the season progresses. They will travel more than 68,000 miles before playoff time next March.

LAKERS VS. OPPONENTS 1959-60

	WON	LOST
Boston	1	8
Philadelphia	2	7
Syracuse	1	8
New York	4	5
St. Louis	3	10
Detroit	6	7
Cincinnati	8	5
Totals	25	50

LEADING SCORERS*

Elgin Baylor	29.6
Rudy La Russo	17.7
Rod Hundley	12.8

LEADING REBOUNDERS*

Elgin Baylor	15.4
Rudy La Russo	9.6
Tom Hawkins	6.2

ASSIST LEADERS*

Rod Hundley	4.6
Elgin Baylor	3.5
Bob Leonard	3.5

*Denotes per-game average

DETROIT PISTONS

COACH: DICK MCGUIRE
LIFETIME NBA RECORD: WON 17, LOST 24

The Pistons have been second in the Western Division for two of the past three seasons, but either the Lakers or the Royals should beat them out of that spot this year. New Coach Dick McGuire says the Pistons "are going to run harder than we ever have before. We'll gamble on defense by crashing both backboards and jam up the middle." But defense was never a strong point with this team anyway. Center Walter Dukes has yet to learn how to avoid incurring fatal foul penalties. He was thrown out 20 times in 56 games last year. Bailey Howell should be even better after a fine first season, and Gene Shue, who averaged 22.8 last year, and Chuck Noble give the Pistons good scoring punch in the backcourt. Elsewhere, however, Coach McGuire has troubles. Shellie McMillon and Archie Dees still have to prove they are first-rank corner



men, and rookies Ron Johnson and Jackie Moreland will be no help for a long time. There is hope for Johnson, but rival players are going to discover quickly that Moreland has only one effective move on offense and is weak indeed on defense. The backcourt support is nearly all inexperienced in NBA-style ball also. Willie Jones, from Northwestern, and Frank Case, from Dayton, are rookies, and Don Ohl has been playing in the industrial league. The basic problems are all a long way from solution.

CINCINNATI ROYALS

COACH: CHARLES WOLF
LIFETIME NBA RECORD: WON 0, LOST 2

The only important question here is: how much difference will Oscar Robertson make? Despite Robertson's remarkable collegiate record, there are still many pros who doubt he will be outstanding as a performer in the NBA. These skeptics are in for some surprises. Robertson will at last have teammates who approach him in ability. He will not be obliged to attempt every team function full time: rebounding, playmaking, scoring and so on. He will surprise most with his playmaking ability, especially if he continues to start in the backcourt. There, at 6 feet 5, he is going to overpower many smaller rivals and outmaneuver the bigger ones. Hopefully, too, being a pro will have a restraining and maturing influence on his court behavior. Elsewhere, except for Bob Boozer, this is the same team that won only 19 games last year, and Boozer will not



be much help until he learns to use his size effectively instead of crouching around the floor like baseball's Eddie Stanky at the plate. Phil Jordan and Wayne Embry are erratic and slow pivot men. Jack Twyman carries the front court, needs more support than Hub Reed can offer. Phil Rollins and the reserve guards are at least adequate. For New Coach Charlie Wolf, who has much to learn about rival personnel, the key is Robertson. Oscar is capable of keeping the Royals in the fight for second place.

PISTONS VS. OPPONENTS 1959-60

	WON	LOST
Boston	0	9
Philadelphia	2	7
Syracuse	4	5
New York	4	5
St. Louis	5	8
Minneapolis	7	6
Cincinnati	8	5
Totals	30	43

LEADING SCORERS*

Gene Shue	22.8
Bailey Howell	17.8
Walter Dukes	15.2

LEADING REBOUNDERS*

Walter Dukes	13.4
Bailey Howell	10.5
Shellie McMillon	5.6

ASSIST LEADERS*

Dick McGuire	5.3
Chuck Noble	4.6
Gene Shue	3.9

*Denotes per-game average

ROYALS VS. OPPONENTS 1959-60

	WON	LOST
Boston	1	8
Philadelphia	0	9
Syracuse	2	7
New York	2	7
St. Louis	4	9
Detroit	5	6
Minneapolis	5	8
Totals	19	56

LEADING SCORERS*

Jack Twyman	31.2
Phil Jordan	13.4
Kris Beckham	10.5

LEADING REBOUNDERS*

Wayne Embry	9.5
Jack Twyman	8.9
Phil Jordan	8.3

ASSIST LEADERS*

Win Wilton	3.8
Jack Twyman	3.4
Aden Beckham	3.4

*Denotes per-game average

Two ways to win a ball game

The complexities of modern football are such that a coach, to win consistently, must be at once imaginative and superbly organized. Two of the best planners are Frank Broyles of Arkansas and Darrell Royal of Texas, whose teams met Saturday in one of the season's most thrilling games. One Sports Illustrated reporter, Morton Sharnik, and another, Jimmy Banks, stayed with Broyles and Royal, respectively, all last week. Here is their diary of the secret days preceding the game and, finally, the story of how the coaches' strategies worked

BOTH FRANK BROYLES and Darrell Royal play field-position football. It is not so important who has the ball but rather where he has it. Plays that begin within your own 30-yard line seldom become touchdowns. Plays begun within the opponent's 30 have a 50% better chance. Both coaches have strong kickers, both quick-kick.

Broyles wants only fast, alert and agile men. The two heaviest starters barely reach 200 pounds. The backs all weigh less than 180. Once the season begins there are no scrimmages and very little contact in practice. Broyles' teams are always stronger in the second half of a game. They give up short yardage and short passes, letting the fly struggle through yards of fly paper only to thwart him inches from the crumb.

Royal does not believe in making drastic changes in offensive strategy once the season has begun. When the opposition gangs up on a play he develops modifications. In the Oklahoma game two weeks ago (final score: Texas 24, Oklahoma 0), the Sooners ganged up on Left Half Jack Collins as he went to the right on a pitchout. Royal surprised Oklahoma by having Collins take a pitchout on a dead run and then quick-kicking. The ball went 49 yards to the Oklahoma 13. But our story actually begins on Sunday, Oct. 9, with Morton

Sharnik reporting on Arkansas and Jimmy Banks on Texas:

Arkansas, Sunday: At 8 a.m. Arkansas players started arriving at the field house. They ran out to the field for limbering up exercises and to run laps. After half an hour, they returned to the locker room and took hot showers and baths to relieve the aches and bruises from the day before. Then it was time for church. All players are expected to attend. The players spent the afternoon with the coaches grading the Baylor game films.

At 7:30 p.m. Broyles returned from his weekly TV show in Little Rock. After a long talk with his coaches, Broyles decided that he was at fault for his team's poorest showing in two years. (Arkansas lost to Baylor, 28-14.) "I deployed the defense too far across the field trying to contain the Baylor passing. I made it easier for Baylor's running game." The coaches studied movies and discussed tactics until midnight.

Texas, Sunday: Day off for the players. Royal flew to Houston for his weekly TV show. At 2 p.m. assistant coaches gathered in Gregory Gym to go over the Oklahoma game films. Each man had his own specialty—line defense, offensive backs, etc.—grading the players' performances. Royal got back at 6. The coaches went out to dinner, returned to view more films and listened to Scout Russell Coffee's comments on Arkansas until 10:30. No decisions were taken.

ARKANSAS' BROYLES shouts encouragement to his undermanned team.



Arkansas, Monday: A day of movies and meetings. Three projectors whirled intermittently from 7:30 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. This was the day for setting the defenses for Texas. Two questions faced Broyles: How would the Texas offense be deployed? What changes would Texas make in its offense after seeing Arkansas' Baylor movies? Against Oklahoma, Texas had used the lonesome end for the first time. Arkansas, which had not met a lonely end, would have to modify its defenses to cope with him. Broyles decided the defensive halfback would be responsible for the lonesome end. This would put an added burden on the moving monster man (Defensive Fullback Curtis Cox), a special device developed by Florida's Ray Graves but improved by Broyles. Cox plays a wandering defensive position, sometimes at linebacker, sometimes charging in from what is normally a right end's position, sometimes from left end and at other times standing firm. The monster, while at end, will alternately crash and hold without pattern, attempting to cause an offensive misfire. Broyles decided the monster would have to drop back when the wingback is on the same side as the lonesome end. However, he must be ready to move in to contain a run.

Texas, Monday: Royal breakfasted with Coaches Ellington and Coffee at 7:30. At 8 all coaches saw Arkansas-TCU films from two weeks back. They watched until noon, interrupting the showing long enough for Royal to go to a blackboard and diagram his suggestions for offense. Royal noted a tendency of Arkansas halfbacks to play wide and move wider as the ball was snapped. This was vital in planning the Texas attack. The end, Royal decided, would start to the outside, then bend in on a counterthrust, gaining a step on the defenders and fooling the safety man who presumably would have moved with the flow.

By 3 p.m. the new wrinkles in the Texas offense had been sufficiently perfected to be shown to the squad. The team ran through the plays after Royal talked to them briefly about what to expect from Arkansas.

Arkansas, Tuesday: "I tell you it's starting early this week," Broyles said. "I just don't have any appetite." There was much to destroy his appetite. Lance Alworth, his best back, was a doubtful starter; Billy



TEXAS' ROYAL, A DEMANDING DIRECTOR, DRILLS THE LONGHORNS IN NEW PLAYS

Gramlich, offensive center, was definitely out; both tackles had infected legs. End Les Letsinger, who punts when Alworth can't, was out with a sore back and wouldn't be able to suit up until later in the week.

The quarterbacks went over the quarterback book. "We must prepare to run at Texas," it said. "Last year our 41-49, 44-46 counter, 24-26 trap, the swing pass and the jump pass were our most effective plays."

"Texas uses a three-deep defense," the book said. "Its weakness is in the flats. We must take advantage of this." The book suggested a 15-play repertoire emphasizing the counter-flow pass, the swing screen and a series of inside running plays. Before practice ended Broyles decided that he would have to have a new formation ready to spring on Texas should his offense break down. He adopted an un-

balanced line with one end split, a formation he had used successfully in the Gator Bowl January 2, and one he hoped Royal had forgotten.

Texas, Tuesday: Royal looked over his defensive coaches' plans and approved them. For the rest of the morning the coaches watched films.

Royal's biggest decision concerned the monster. He deduced, correctly, that the monster's main function was to scare the other team into running into the side of Arkansas' greater strength. The Arkansas line, the Texas coaches had noted, charges to the opposite side of where the monster stands. Royal decided to run right at him. If the strategy worked, the Arkansas line would be moving in the direction that would make the Texas blocks easier.

To offset Arkansas' gang-tackling

continued

Royal decided on throw-back plays. The quarterback would move into the line, stop and toss the ball back to an end. And to take advantage of the tendency of the Arkansas halfbacks to drift to the outside, Royal decided on quick short passes to the ends in the middle. This, generally, would be the Texas offensive.

After lunch, Royal held a 45-minute meeting with his quarterbacks shortly before practice, explaining basic plans and plays. He also explained the basic ideas briefly to the entire squad at the start of a two-hour workout. The team split into groups by positions and worked on the new adjustments.

Arkansas, Wednesday: Broyles was still disturbed about his injured players. Two scrubs might have been brought up to varsity status to make the Austin trip.

The main planning was over. For the rest of the week the players would perfect their skills and go over their assignments until they could do them by reflex. The enthusiasm for Saturday's game began to mount.

"Hit, hit, hit," urged Coach Dixie White, as the players worked on the blocking sled that afternoon. There was an urgency in his voice. Defensive backs worked on passes they expected Texas' Bobby Gurnits to throw. A quarterback fumbled the snap, and everyone yelled "fumble." Six men pounced on the ball.

Texas, Wednesday: The coaching staff seemed more relaxed and even found time for a few laughs—but not many. Movie projectors were going full blast most of the morning, with the coaches concentrating on last year's Texas-Arkansas game.

Practice started with group work, where the interior linemen got their roughest workout of the week. Goal line defense was emphasized for them while the various specialists—the punters, kickoff men, extra-point kickers, safety men, passers and pass receivers worked on their specialties.

Arkansas, Thursday: By now, Frank Broyles's appetite was gone. Broyles and his staff met (8:30 to 12 noon) to discuss the defense. They observed that the lonesome end was primarily a decoy and served as a pass target on but two occasions, neither one completed. They decided not to assign double coverage to the lonesome end

but to let the halfback be responsible.

Riding back from lunch, Broyles stuck his head out of the car window to look at the darkening sky and said, "Golly-y-y-y it better not rain. We need a good practice." Broyles met with the squad for 20 minutes before afternoon classes. At 1 p.m. he returned to the field house for an unscheduled look at films.

Practice at 3 was peppier than earlier in the week. The coaches sprinted to their assignments, setting the pace for the players, who responded without being told.

Doug Dickey worked with the defensive backs on interceptions. "A lot of hop. A lot of hop," he chanted. The backs ran back like an outfielder going after a deep fly ball, while the offensive backs kept time to offensive backfield Coach Merrill Green's

on offense to plan the attack Texas would use inside the Arkansas 10-yard line. The coaches noted Arkansas uses a gap-8 on goal line stands, with the linemen varying their charge. Royal drew the eight-man-line defense on the blackboard, commented:

"That's a whole mass of folks."

Then the coaches discussed various means of going through, around or over the folks. The discussion prompted them to revive a play the Longhorns have used in previous years but not this season. Most teams try to go wide against an eight-man line. Royal was convinced that the gap-8 provides an excellent opportunity for a quick trap of the defensive left guard, particularly since the goal line defenders try to penetrate quickly.

"As soon as you get in a gap-8," Royal told his assistants, "Ohio State



AS TEXAS AND ARKANSAS PLAYERS WATCH, BALL (TOP CENTER) KICKED BY FOURTH

"Catch, cut, go, catch, cut, go." Over with the offensive linemen Coach Dixie White had the "T (scrub) team" stepping through the Texas defense—particularly the Texas stunts—while he had the offense lined up. "Where do you block on 33-power if they are in a double-A stunt," asked Dixie of every man in the line. This was all done quickly, and Dixie complimented each boy as he gave the correct answer.

Texas, Thursday: Royal got together with his assistants who specialize

will run this against you—and there's no way you can lose ground on it."

He then diagrammed the trap, in which the Texas left guard will pull out to block the defensive left guard as he comes across the line. The center will take the man on his left shoulder while the Texas right guard goes straight through to hit the middle linebacker. The quarterback will take the snap, pivot to his left and hand the ball quickly to his left halfback going through the hole and heading generally towards the right.

The squad went into its practices by teams (signal drills, no contact) with the offense working on the plays selected for the goal line attack, while the defense drilled on play recognition (freshmen impersonating Arkansas).

Arkansas, Friday: The team lunched early and then took off in two chartered planes at 11:30. For three hours and 15 minutes the players were at the mercy of the coaches, who questioned: "Where do you block on 24-trap? Who do you take on 33-power?" By 3:15, half an hour after they arrived in Austin, Arkansas was dressed and running in the Texas stadium. Lance Alworth raced up and down the field trying to impress the coaching staff and Trainer Ferrell with his easy stride and 50-yard kicks. Ferrell said, "He courts me as if I were his girl. I never saw a kid

After Arkansas finished its workout in Memorial Stadium, Texas had the field for 30 minutes, and ran through plays (the draw, the trap, the pitch-out around right end from an unbalanced line, the throw-back pass).

Texas players attended a campus pep rally at night, then went to the Holiday Inn Motel on the north edge of town to spend the night.

Pragame, Saturday: Arkansas was up at 9, breakfasted at 9:30. The Texans had 12-ounce steaks and baked potatoes at about the same time. As the trainers taped Arkansas players, Broyles and his coaches conducted a play test. The exam was a success. Everybody knew his assignments. Royal handed out a check list to the Texas players. It started with the kicking game, went into offensive and defensive assignments and finally funda-

the melodramatic game that unfolded in Austin Saturday. It wasn't decided until the last 16 seconds, and the man who won it, a fourth-string Arkansas fullback named Mickey Cissell, hadn't figured in either coach's plans. As regular Quarterback George McKinney held the ball, Cissell stepped briskly forward and kicked as far as he could. The ball drifted slowly and over end and passed through the goal posts for a field goal with something like an eighth of an inch to spare. Arkansas won 24-23.

The game was a standoff in the first quarter as both teams, playing position-football, wanted to exploit each other's mistakes. Then early in the second quarter James Saxton, a very fast halfback, returned an Arkansas punt 32 yards to the Arkansas 34-yard line. After two inconclusive plays, Texas Quarterback Mike Cotten called a throwback pass, and End Bob Moses broke free to catch it for a 21-yard gain, putting the ball on the Arkansas 10-yard line. Three plays later Texas had the first touchdown of the game and led by 7-0.

Seven plays after an Arkansas fumble, Texas scored again. The last and most difficult five yards of the drive resulted from Royal's solution for Arkansas' gap-8 defense. (Texas, Thursday.) Texas trapped the charging Arkansas guard to take a 14-0 lead. Later, in the third quarter, when a wild scramble for another Arkansas fumble gave Texas the ball on the Arkansas one-yard line, Texas again used this trap play to penetrate the gap-8 for a touchdown.

After the second Texas touchdown, with the situation looking dark indeed for Arkansas, Halfback Harold Horton returned the Texas kickoff to midfield. For the first time in the game, and after nearly two quarters of bumbles and fumbles, Arkansas had good field position. At this point McKinney called a jump pass (Arkansas, Tuesday) with a fullback fake drawing off the linebacker and freeing the end. It was good for 17 yards and a first down on the Texas 37-yard line. An interference call brought the ball to the seven, and four plays later McKinney called upon a 156-throw-back for the touchdown.

Just after the second-half kickoff, Arkansas took the ball on its own 38-yard line—a position that Coach Broyles considers "just outside the

continued



STRINGER MICKEY CISSSELL FLOATS TOWARD GOAL POSTS AND A LAST-SECOND WIN

want to play so badly." Frank Broyles wanted badly to be convinced.

That night over an evening snack Broyles said, "I am beginning to feel optimistic. I have no real reason for my optimism, but my boys have constantly won when they didn't figure to. I have come not only to believe in guts but to depend on it."

Texas, Friday, Oct. 14: Suited up in sweat suits, the squad had a 30-minute skull session with Royal, going over all plans for the Arkansas game. Kicking was emphasized.

mental rules (the substitution rule, rules governing a fair catch, covering on kicks, protecting on kicks, etc.). Royal also warned his safety men of a quick-kick, particularly should Alworth enter the game with Arkansas in its own territory and the wind at its back. Then the team watched Arkansas movies. At 12, the preparations were over. Both teams left for the stadium.

Game, Saturday: Prepared as they were, it is doubtful that either Darrell Royal or Frank Broyles was ready for

critical area"—(that is, too far away to score a touchdown) but, emotionally hopped up, Arkansas went on to score anyway. Quarterback McKinney called a throw-back—156 again. It was good for 37 yards and a first down on the Texas 25. A screen pass (rehearsed by Arkansas on Thursday) and a jump pass brought the second touchdown and a 14-14 tie.

When it was Texas' turn to move the ball it did so with short steady gains off conservative, down-the-middle running plays. Gruntingly, the Texans pushed the ball all the

way to the Arkansas eight-yard line. There the Texas drive finally stalled partly because the Arkansas line no longer was charging away from the direction of Monster-man Cox. Texas kicked a field goal and led 17-14. Shortly afterward, a fumble gave the ball to Texas on the one. Texas scored immediately to lead 23-14.

But Arkansas came right back and moved the ball to Texas' 35, where McKinney called a pass to the fullback. A 987 counterpass on one, it worked, and Arkansas had a first down on the Texas 16. Much of Thursday's practice session had been devoted to this play.

Two plays later Quarterback McKinney called on the "954" throw-back. Halfback Jarrell Williams (twin brother of Halfback Darrell Williams) ran all the way to the goal line and left Arkansas trailing by only two points after the conversion.

There were still 10 minutes left in the game. Drastic measures seemed called for on the part of Broyles' men, but Arkansas and Texas were still playing position-football. They took calculated risks and gave up the ball. Five minutes from the end Arkansas kicked (it never would have under any other style of play), but

FOOTBALL'S FIFTH WEEK by MERVIN HYMAN

THE SOUTH

"If we're even at the start of the fourth period," Clemson Coach Frank Howard used to say, "we can beat any team in the country." Last Saturday the Tigers carried a 17-12 lead into the last quarter against Maryland, but they lost. Quarterback Dale Betty, an accurate marksman with the poise and confidence of a shill in a gambling joint, completed eight passes in a row, pitched the Terps to a 19-17 victory. Meanwhile, Duke, off to a 10-0 lead against unbeaten North Carolina State, held on as State's talented Roman Gabriel completed 16 of 30 passes for 182 yards, won 17-13 to take the lead in the Atlantic Coast Conference. Wake Forest's Norm Snead threw his 20th touchdown pass for a new ACC career record, gave the Demons a 13-12 win over North Carolina.

The hard-pat Southeastern Conference was beginning to wonder if any of its members would catch up to Mississippi. Tulane found a way to stop Ole Miss Quarterback Jake Gibbs' rollouts, but the Greenies couldn't keep up with his passes (to End Johnny Brewer for three touchdowns) and lost 26-13. Now it is up to Tennessee. The Vols, sticking methodically and bleakly to Coach Bowden Wyatt's anachronistic brand of football, wore down Alabama, turned two fumbles into touchdowns (one on a 41-yard run by End Mike LaSorsa) and whipped the frustrated Crimson 20-7.

Three other SEC games turned on a field goal. Kentucky matched LSU's defense and edged the Bengals 3-0 on Clark Mayfield's 28-yard kick; Auburn's Ed Dyer booted a 37-yarder to beat Georgia Tech 9-7; Georgia's Durward Pennington kicked two, from 31 and 23 yards, the latter with eight seconds to play, to defeat Mississippi State 20-17.

VMI's Howard Dyer, the nation's of-

fensive leader, passed and ran for 216 yards to lead the undefeated Keydets past Virginia 30-16. The top three:

1. MISSISSIPPI (6-0)
2. TENNESSEE (3-0-1)
3. DUKE (3-0)

THE EAST

Syracuse had another bad Saturday, and this time it was scrappy Penn State that caused the trouble. Halfbacks Ernie Davis (on an 18-yard sprint) and Mark Weber (on a 60-yard pass interception) got the Orangemen rolling to a 21-7 lead. However, the Nittany Lions scrambled back on a three-yard pass from Quarterback Galen Hall to Halfback Dick Pae, then moved 85 yards to the Syracuse four-yard line before losing the ball on downs with seven seconds to go. Final score: Syracuse 21, Penn State 15.

Navy effectively squelched Air Force's Rich Mayo with an airtight pass defense, uncovered a notable passer of its own in Quarterback Hal Spooner and sent Halfback Joe Bellino squirming and slashing for three touchdowns to trim the Falcons 35-3. Pitt finally found breathing room against West Virginia, smothered the Mountaineers 42-0.

Yale moved to the head of the Ivy League with a 22-6 win over Cornell; Harvard, without injured Charlie Ravelle, was pressed to squeeze by Columbia 8-7; Penn beat Brown 36-7; Princeton outscored Colgate 35-26; Holy Cross edged Dartmouth 9-8 on Bill Joern's wobbly 30-yard field goal in the closing seconds. Bucknell's Paul Terbes passed Rutgers dixie, but the Scarlet Knights struck back, won 23-19 in the final minutes. Tufts upset Lehigh 14-0. The top three:

1. SYRACUSE (4-0)
2. NAVY (3-0)
3. PENN STATE (3-0)



BACK OF THE WEEK: Arkansas Quarterback George McKinney cut Texas down to size with daring and clever play calls, threw three scoring passes in 24-23 win.

THE MIDWEST

In the Big Ten it was Ohio State's turn to fall. Jack Mollenkopf shrewdly adjusted his Purdue defenses at half time, thwarted Buckeye Quarterback Tom Matie's options and watched happily as senior Fullback Willie Jones scored his third touchdown and Quarterback Bernie Allen kicked a 23-yard field goal for a 24-21 victory. Iowa had its troubles with Wisconsin, but the Hawkeyes pulled out a 28-21 win when Quarterback Wilburn Hollis lofted a 34-yard pass to Halfback Sammie Harris with 52 seconds to go.

Minnesota, still very much in the running, gave ground to favored Illinois until Coach Murray Warmath shifted a linebacker to the strong side and moved his ends out so they would have a better angle for pinching Illinois Quarterback Johnny Easterbrook. The defensive man-over worked, and Quarterback Sandy Stephens bulled for all three touchdowns

won on the gamble. Texas failed to get 10 yards, was itself forced to kick, and suddenly Arkansas had position — on the 48. A double reverse, which was one of the special long-gaining plays Broyles had given his team, brought the ball to the 38. Arkansas made 11 more and then, with 30 seconds left, still played for position, daringly running the ball again to get into a good spot to kick a field goal. It did, and with 16 seconds to go, Cissell made his successful kick. This was the one decisive play of the afternoon that Coach Broyles had not specifically arranged for Texas during the six preceding days of practice.



LINEMAN OF THE WEEK: Texas Tech Center E. J. Holuh, a crashing linebacker, made 15 tackles, aided in eight more to excel in losing cause against Baylor.

in a 21-10 triumph. Youthful Michigan turned back Northwestern 14-7; Michigan State bruised Notre Dame 21-0; Indiana trounced Marquette 34-8.

Coach Jack Mitchell, who had flatly predicted a Kansas victory over Oklahoma, watched it flutter from his grasp when John Suder's field goal attempt from the nine-yard line failed with 24 seconds to play. The final score: 13-18. Colorado, playing without ailing punter Gale Weldner, marched impressively past Iowa State 21-6; Missouri, beginning to look like the most dangerous team in the Big Eight, crushed Kansas State 45-0; Nebraska's Pat Fischer pulled the Cornhuskers from behind, beat Army 14-9 with a touchdown plunge and a 57-yard pass to Bennie Dillard. The top three:

1. IOWA (9-0)
2. MINNESOTA (8-0)
3. KANSAS (8-1-0)

continued

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PARFUMS

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NEW FACES: Quarterback Hal Spooner (left) passed for 168 yards and one touchdown as Navy routed Air Force; Tailback Terry Baker gained 171 yards passing, picked up 113 more running and scored once as Oregon State beat Idaho 23-8.

FOOTBALL'S WEEK continued

THE SOUTHWEST

Arkansas provided the thrills with its 24-23 upset of Texas, but the Southwest Conference suddenly was paying strict attention to Baylor. The swift Bears, looking to their first title since 1924, slithered and writhed in the mud at Lubbock, pushed past Texas Tech 14-7 to take first place in the standings. The Bears' magnificent Ronnie Bull skillfully ran 50 yards for a touchdown after taking a screen pass from Quarterback Ronnie Stanley, added a second on a one-yard plunge.

Normally conservative Rice punished weak SMU 47-0. TCU continued to muddle along, barely pulled out a 14-14 tie with Texas A&M. The top three:

1. BAYLOR (4-0)
2. ARKANSAS (4-1)
3. TEXAS (3-2)

THE WEST

Washington took an uncertain—and perhaps costly—step toward the Rose Bowl. The fanatically dedicated Huskies beat UCLA 10-8 but lost All-America Quarterback Bob Schloredt for the season with a broken left collarbone. A 38-yard field goal by Halfback George Fleming and Don McKeta's one-yard touchdown dive gave the Huskies all the points they needed to win. They then sat back and tormented the Bruins with a defense that was loose and relaxed at mid-field and as unimpressive as quicksand at the goal line. UCLA managed to score once on Bill Kilmer's passes, but it wasn't enough.

USC, bent on recouping its early-season losses, devised a tackle-trap play for Sophomore Fullback Hal Tobin, sprung him loose for 68 yards in the third quarter to pull ahead of California, went on to win 27-10. Oregon struck hurriedly for two touchdowns in the last period, overhauled Washington State 21-12. Sophomore Tailback Terry Baker ran and passed Oregon State to a 23-8 victory over Idaho. The top three:

1. WASHINGTON (6-0)
2. OREGON STATE (4-1)
3. UCLA (3-1)

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

Clemson over Duke. This game could decide the Atlantic Coast title. Duke's passing will test the Tigers, but Clemson will be well prepared defensively.

Georgia Tech over Tulane. Tech's one-two punch—Stan Ginn's passing and Tommy Welby's field goal kicking—is hard to beat. Tulane is still a year away.

Dartmouth over Harvard. Dartmouth's Bob Blackman has few peers as a defensive specialist, and he should have some tidy problems ready for Harvard—even if Charlie Ravenel is well enough to play.

Penn State over Illinois. The slipping Illini have lost two in a row. Penn State has the muscles and the passing to make it three straight.

Iowa over Purdue. The Hawkeyes have been cutting it thin lately and can't afford to relax against persistent Purdue. Better balance gives the edge to Iowa.

Minnesota over Michigan. The young Michigan team is inclined to make mistakes. It will suffer for its sins against the big and able Gophers.

Missouri over Iowa State. The unbeaten Tigers, moving up in the Big Eight, have too many speedy backs and stubborn defenders for the little Iowans.

Mississippi over Arkansas. The first real challenge for Ole Miss. The Razorbacks are tough, but Quarterback Jake Gibbs will see the Rebels through.

Texas over Rice. The eyes of Texas, made weepy by Arkansas last week, will be on the Longhorns. Faster backs and a tougher defense will prove too difficult for an improving Rice.

Washington over Oregon State. Can the Huskies survive the loss of talented Bob Schloredt? They will find out against a capable Oregon State team.

Other games

UTAH OVER LEHIGH
YMI OVER EASTON COLLEGE
JOSEPH OVER MIAMI
FLORIDA OVER LAU
PITT OVER TCU
OHIO STATE OVER WISCONSIN
OHIO U. OVER MIAMI (OHIO)
COLORADO OVER NEBRASKA
CALIFORNIA OVER OREGON
WYOMING OVER AIR FORCE

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS:
12 RIGHT, 3 WRONG, 1 TIE
SEASON'S RECORD: 57-35-4



"It's my father's car but my star" Proud little boy, though to him the three-pointed star is only an attractive ornament. However, in years to come, when he's old enough to drive his own Mercedes-Benz, he will understand its true significance. This proud symbol was adopted for this car's ancestors over half a century ago. Today, it is the Mercedes-Benz hallmark of quality and a sign of continuity from the past to present to future. Mercedes-Benz cars enjoy a steady evolution that is aimed at perfection. Significant engineering advances and tasteful styling modifications keep Mercedes-Benz in the forefront of the world's automobiles. It has always been the car of connoisseurs and continues to be so today. Motoring behind the three-pointed star is the greatest event on the road.

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THERE IS a legend that the owner of the Irish Thoroughbred St. Paddy (winner of this year's Epsom Derby and St. Leger) was once in love with a girl named Eve, that she was very beautiful, that she died suddenly and mysteriously and that in memory of her the stable where St. Paddy was reared is known as Eves.

According to Sir Victor Sassoon, the gentleman in question, the truth (though he did in time marry a girl named Evelyn) is far less romantic. His initials are E.V.E.S. (for Elise Victor Elias Sassoon) and he began racing in India under the name of Mr. Eves because his father thought it improper for a banker to own horses. Later his stables at Newmarket, in Yorkshire and in Ireland and his estate at Nassau in The Bahamas all became known as Eves. Now the curry sauce that Sir Victor learned to mix in his days as a pukka sahib goes by the same name.

"I was a bachelor so long," says the sportsman who has sent four English Derby winners and a host of lesser champions to the post, "that I was always looking for things I could cook in a hurry or things that could be kept over. The fact is, this curry sauce actually improves if kept in the icebox."

After a first sample in company with Sir Victor and Lady Sassoon in Nassau (opposite), SPORTS ILLU-

STRATED's food expert, Mary Frost Mabon, can attest to the fact that there is nothing legendary about the staying power of Eves curry. "On that day," she writes, "the curry sauce—thick, spicy and relatively mild—was one of many accompaniments the Sassoons provided for a delicious Persian concoction of chicken, served with three kinds of rice. Since then, I have served Eves curry in various ways, and I find that it actually is the better for being put aside and left to stand in the icebox. It can be reheated, adding water if necessary, either to serve as a meatless meal over rice or mixed with cooked shrimp or leftover chicken pieces or, indeed, any cubed meat.

"As for other uses, this same sauce served cold and thick is an excellent relish for cold meats or, heated and thinned, becomes a fine savory sauce for broiled fish.

"Sir Victor's curry is on the mild side, but for those who prefer a more fiery variety the Sassoons always have on hand a hot pepper sauce such as Tabasco, along with a choice of hot or mild Indian chutneys and, as a texture contrast, those East Indian wafers known as popadams, crisped by frying.

"To cool the carried throat, Sir Victor recommends a half-and-half mixture of Tuborg beer and Bass ale taken ice-cold."

A CURRY NAMED FOR EVE

Photograph by Richard Mark

Sir Victor Sassoon and his Lady, owners of famed Eves stables, can train a well-bred curry sauce as well as a well-carried Thoroughbred

EVES CURRY

1½ pounds yellow onions
½ cup vegetable oil
1 tablespoon harmonic
Handful fresh parsley leaves
1 pound raw potatoes, peeled and cubed
4 tablespoons vegetable shortening
½ cup curry powder
½ cup vinegar

3 dashes Tabasco sauce
1½ teaspoons salt
1½ packages frozen green beans, cooked
½ cup thyme
½ cup pimiento (or chowchow or pickle relish)
½ cup tomato ketchup
½ cup Worcestershire sauce
Dashes of garlic powder and paprika

Start by chopping onions medium coarse and parsley medium fine. Place oil in large heavy stew pan or iron skillet, mix with onion, turmeric and parsley. Cover and cook extremely slowly for about 20 minutes, stirring often, till onions are soft. Then stir, uncovered, on medium heat until onions are nicely browned (10 to 15 minutes). Mix in ½ teaspoon salt.

Place shortening in cold heavy iron fry pan, add cut raw potato, cook gently for 20 minutes uncovered, stirring often; turn up heat for 5 to 10 minutes more to brown and crust cubes.

Meanwhile, moisten curry powder with vinegar in small bowl, stirring to make a smooth paste. Add this to the cooked onions in fry pan, mix and toss with drained beans over mild heat for five minutes. Add potatoes and previously prepared mixture of remaining ingredients: chutney, pimiento, ketchup, Worcestershire sauce, seasonings and ½ cup water. Also add 1 teaspoon salt. Boil and stir 6 minutes, or till nicely blended.



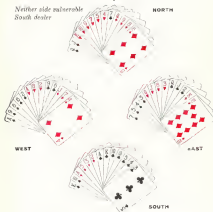
CHARLES GOREN / Cards

The man who likes to lose

ALEX DREIER, my good friend with whom I share duties in the commentators' booth during my TV show, is a man who likes to lose—but not at the bridge table. Dreier is a huge man who not long ago weighed well over 300 pounds. Currently he likes to lose weight. He has lost 80 pounds but not a bit of the good nature that makes it such a pleasure to work with him.

On *Championship Bridge*, which on October 16 began another season of Sunday afternoon telecasts over ABC, Dreier represents the average player. The questions he asks on the show sometimes make him seem less than the adept player he is. Do not be deceived. Here is one of the hands he played in a warmup game with the stars a few minutes before they went on camera.

Neither side vulnerable
South dealer



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	PASS	1♥	PASS
2♠	PASS	2♥	PASS
3♠	PASS	3♥	PASS
4♠	PASS	4♥	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: ace of spades

The bidding was a bit optimistic, which is not unusual in TV bridge or in any game where a short time of play often encourages bidders to shoot for good scores on every hand. Playing South, Dreier bid the diamond suit after rebidding the clubs, hoping that North might be encouraged to try three no trump. But, even after North had raised diamonds, South returned to his seven-card club suit. But North's preference was too decided to leave the club bid in, despite South's having made it obvious that there was a great disparity in the length of the two suits. Dreier accepted his partner's final judgment, and then proceeded to vindicate it.

After winning the first trick with the ace of spades, West continued the suit on the theory that it would do him less harm than any other. Dreier won with the spade king and led the 2 of diamonds. West played the 7—a troublesome false card—and dummy's 8 was won by East's 10. East returned the 3 of hearts, and South, having already lost the only two tricks he could afford, trumped this trick, cashed the ace of clubs and trumped a low club with dummy's diamond 6.

Now Dreier had to play so that he would not lose another trump trick. In view of the fall of the 7 from West on the first lead of the suit, it was tempting to play the queen through, hoping that East held the king-4 and West the blank jack. If that were the case and East covered the diamond queen with the king and the jack dropped, dummy's 9 would be high.

The trouble with this line of play was that in order to draw East's supposed remaining diamond, declarer would have to play another round of trumps. This would leave the lead in dummy and South would have no way to get back to his hand. Thus there was really only one way the diamonds could be that would let the five-diamond contract be made. Dreier accordingly led a low diamond, East played the king and Dreier's faith was justified. He won the trick with the ace and abandoned trumps, leading out good clubs. Whenever West chose to ruff, dummy could overruff, and South's hand remained with the 5 of trumps—the only one outstanding—as an entry to the good clubs.

EXTRA TRICK

When there is only one possible distribution that will permit you to make your contract, play the hand as if that distribution existed. You will be surprised how often the cards will fall into line for you.

END



Expected: Wherever and whenever the news happens, you can expect to see it in LIFE—whether it's the sudden-death ending of a Tokyo political meeting or a ninth-inning home run that turned the city of Pittsburgh upside down. But LIFE is also full of surprises and this week is no exception: a splendid view in color of a spectacular new movie, *Spartacus*; a picture album of U.S. architectural follies; a look at pretty Nancy Kwan, risen to stardom as a new *Suzie Wong*; Ray Bradbury's thoughtful appraisal of the possibility of life on other planets; a fun-filled visit to a small town firemen's muster. It's all in the new LIFE, and this blend of the expected and unexpected each week adds up to good reading and good looking.

DON'T MISS the new issue of

LIFE

MY MISGUIDED TOUR

by ART ROSENBAUM



When the executive sports editor of the 'San Francisco Chronicle' was asked to lead a tour to the Olympic Games in Rome, he was frightened. When he actually found himself doing it, he became frantic. Here is the hilarious inside story that the "members" never hear—of crises with hotels and buses, of plumbing that wasn't and the bagno that was, and how a little man became a Leader

You should take your wife to Europe," the Travel Agent said. "It's quite simple really, and it won't cost you a penny. Well, maybe a few nickels for incidentals. All you do is accompany 30 people to the Olympic Games in Rome and you and your wife go free."

It was a frightening idea. Steering a collection of flag-wavers and old widows around the Continent was not my idea of fun—or even of work. I am not a tourist type; I forget important papers, and train and plane schedules confuse me. I pointed this out to the Travel Agent, adding: "After all, I'm a sports editor, not a travel guide."

"That's just it," he said. "You have the experience of covering three Olympics. Everybody will rush to join this tour. And you won't have a thing to worry about. You'll be met everywhere by couriers who will take over the details. They will greet you at the airports, arrange for buses, check you into hotels, explain the customs of the country and tell you how much to tip. This will be a first-class tour: fine hotels, good Olympics tickets and special parties. Thank it over."

"I'll think about it," I said. And that was my first mistake. I made my second mistake that night at home by not thinking about it enough. "You just lost a trip to Europe today," I told my wife. "Silly, isn't it?" And I repeated what the Agent had said: "For each 15 people we get one pass. Thirty people, two passes. He says a million Americans will tour Europe this summer and Rome will be like Grand Central Station. He says he can guarantee good accommodations and tickets. He says our friends will rush to join this tour but, of course, it's out of the question." My wife, only half listening, was already framing her shopping list—home and abroad.

Three weeks before scheduled departure we had grown to 35 strong, and I was learning the travel business. I learned of "wholesalers" who take over the handling of tours from travel agencies for a commission of about 10%, and of subwholesalers who specialize in certain cities. I also learned about what the industry calls "members," the trusting souls who join such tours and who, from disembodied characters known only through letters, phone calls and checks, evolve into the actors of the Tour Leader's personal little drama—the Star Salesman, the Quiet Doctor, Mr. Dignity, the Happy Foursome and, of course, the Relatives. All of them turned out to be quite different from what I had imagined.

With our group secured, the Agent felt it was time for a hard lesson in psychology. He revealed that there would be difficulties, small crises, now and then. "In this business," he said, "you must be able to rationalize, to turn a debit into a credit. You must remember that you are dealing with human beings and not two humans are alike."

My career in rationalization began a few days later. The Star Salesman telephoned to ask what I was going to do about the change in the air schedules. He had heard (I hadn't) that our midweek jet flight from New York to

Lisbon, the first leg of our 10-city tour, had been changed to a propeller plane.

"What are you going to do?" he repeated.

"Let me check," I hedged. The check revealed that he had indeed scooped me. What was I to do? There was no other flight possible that did not involve losing or gaining a day, or revising the entire schedule. I phoned the Star Salesman. "After all," I said, "the DC-7 was the queen of the skies only a year ago. . . . Planes go faster west to east because of the tail winds. . . . Flying is smooth over the water and we'll sleep like babies all night."

He didn't cancel. We refunded the \$10 jet surcharge to all members.

The phone rang often those last few days, and I began to know my people well. The Judge and Mr. Dignity and the Well-Traveled Widow wanted assurances of single rooms. Mr. Efficiency asked for a list of hints to travelers and I knowingly read excerpts from nine guide books. I grew to hate these guide books because their arbitrary rating of preferred hotels seemed to imply that all nonlisted hotels were flea bags.

"I don't care for myself," said Mr. Efficiency, "but my wife can't find that Paris hotel in Joseph or Fielding."

The tour left San Francisco in a confusion of goodbyes, and once aboard I settled back to worry about nothing. In New York next morning, I proudly checked in at the home office of the wholesaler to report my group present and accounted for. He nervously lit his cigarette on the filtered end and said, "Europe is crowded. There is a shipping strike in Paris. Hotel reservations have been affected all over the Continent. Guests aren't checking out." Five of the 10 hotels on our already once revised list had to be changed to "or similar," as the travel brochures put it. He smiled when he said, "Of course it should make no difference to your people. One bed is as good as another." He bore our troubles very well.

As we waited for our Lisbon-bound plane I told the members of the changes in their accommodations. I put it as cheerily as I could. Mail would be collected at every stop—"and," I said, "after all, we're on our way to see Europe and not to spend our time in hotel rooms, eh, gang?" They looked at me inscrutably. Our flight was called, and suddenly I realized I had a new and personal problem. I had been handling so many tickets, manifests and extraneous papers that I had managed to lose my own passport. Then I remembered I had checked my raincoat in an airport locker and my passport was in the raincoat pocket. By the time I recovered it the engines were warming up and my members were looking more inscrutable than ever.

We arrived in Lisbon at 7 on a clear, sun-streaked morning, the terraced hills and ancient towers like an exciting stage set from the plane's windows. At the hotel I went briskly to the front desk. A bath and a change of clothes were the first item on everyone's agenda.

continued

"It is impossible," the desk clerk said. "Check-out time is 12 o'clock. You are much too early. At this moment I can give you one room, which, of course, I assume you will take for yourself. The other rooms will be assigned to your group as they become available."

This was shocking news. The Relatives thought so too. They were peering over my shoulder at the empty registration pad. Somehow I had had the feeling that the Relatives expected the best: a corner room, a front seat, an audience with the Pope in Rome.

I sent them sightseeing—at 8 a.m. To my surprise, it worked: this was their first sight of Europe and they all enjoyed it. And shortly after one o'clock every member had a room and every Relative a complaint. "My room doesn't have a bath," Auntie said. "My room doesn't have a toilet," said Sister-in-law.

We worked it out. Some rooms were assigned as "connecting baths," though the connection was across the hall. My wife and I took a room without bath, and a few members were persuaded to live without conveniences for "just a couple of nights." By the end of the afternoon I was a bundle of jangling nerves held together with a fixed stage smile. But early that evening a tremendous spray of flowers was delivered to our room, and I felt bad about having talked harshly to the hotel management. It's wonderful what a kind thought can do.

Two days later we left for Madrid. Mr. Efficiency had collected loose escudos (scooties, we called them—worth 3½¢ each) as a donation to the local guide. At the airport the guide refused. "You will need this money for Spanish landing tax," he said. It was really a Portuguese airport tax, but our guide preferred to blame the Spaniards. I preferred to blame my U.S. advisers who had neglected to mention that every departure from a country cost an average of \$1 per person—since we were scheduled for seven such excursions, the total would come to nearly \$750.

We arrived in downtown Madrid at 4 in the afternoon, and once again I found myself arguing with a hotel employee, this time the assistant manager. "But,

señor," he exclaimed, "you have come at a terrible time. In Spain we enjoy the siesta. Check-out time here is 5 o'clock. Only a few of your rooms are available."

I heard 34 voices murmuring behind me. "Oh, oh, here we go again," said the Star Salesman. "Imagine," said a Widow, "he didn't know they had siestas in Spain, especially on Sunday."

She gave me an idea—and I needed one. "Listen, everybody," I said. "Let's all grab taxis and get down to the bullfights. We may never be in Madrid on a Sunday again."

Mr. Efficiency checked with the con-

the crisis about the rooms. Our accommodations were ready when we returned to the hotel.

Crisis by crisis we continued our European tour. The next one already was in the making when we landed at Nice. The airport was clean and large. We were dealt with courteously and with speed in going through customs. We met our courier, an elderly gentleman with charming, rather tired manners, who was called the Commander because he had been an officer in the colonial service. He seemed the unluckiest possible bearer of bad news—but he was. He told me



clerge, "The bullfights have been sold out for four weeks," he said. An American standing importantly in the lobby added: "You'll have to pay \$12 a ticket, black market, if there are any left. At the end of the show it will be a madhouse and you won't be able to get a cab."

"There are always tickets to be had outside a sold-out stadium," I said with a firmness I did not feel. "Let's go."

The taxi was only 100 pesetas (about \$1.50) and four rode for the price of one. Scalpers offered tickets for 100 pesetas, or as high as 150 pesetas for preferred seats. It didn't disappoint our travelers to learn that these were merely the *novillada* (novice) fights. They were colorful and exciting and they saw us through

our accommodations had been changed and we would not be staying at the hotel listed on our itinerary. The one on the list wasn't good enough for us, he said, and he had chosen one which "cost a few bob more." He was a clever one, I guess: the next day when I called for mail at our original hotel (it faced the Mediterranean whereas ours was several blocks inland), I asked about rates and found the new hotel was actually "a few bob" cheaper.

I was beginning to get pretty good at turning debts into credits, however. That night I said to the Star Salesman: "This is a real break, to live inland. When we walk to the beach we see something of Nice. If we lived in one of those

waterfront hotels we wouldn't see much of the town at all." Next day I heard him telling one of the other tourists: "We're certainly lucky to discover how fascinating Nice really is. And the five-block walk to the beach is good exercise."

One day we took Napoleon's Corniche, the high road to Monaco, then gambled and won in the tourist portion of Monte Carlo casino known to the natives as the Kitchen. Starting back for Nice the Commander said, "You seem a capable enough chap."

I smiled.

"Yes, I don't think you require my services any longer," he continued. "I'll send the bus around at 7:30 in the morning for your airport trip. Oh, by the way, did I tell you I lived right here in Monte Carlo?" And before I could even cry out in alarm, he was gone, with a cheerio.

At 7:30 next morning there was no bus. At 7:40, still no bus. Frantically, I rummaged through my list of things to do and telephone numbers to remember. Where did that Commander live? And what good would it do to find him now, an hour before plane time? I had a vision of 35 frightened Americans, carrying 48 pieces of luggage and uncountable purses and flight bags, stranded on the strand of France. Then the bus came, big and blue and welcome. The driver fished out an instruction sheet that read 7:45 and not 7:30. Oh, that Commander! The bus started and the Doctor's daughter began to sing *Marge* and others joined her. I gave the driver a 5,000-franc note for no reason at all except that it was suddenly a very bright morning.

Rome was hot and sticky. The ladies were drinking prescription formula for swollen ankles and the men looked longingly at each *birra* (beer) sign. But no matter, this was the Olympic City and this was why we had come.

At our hotel, naturally, trouble was waiting. I was informed that 10 of the group must be housed at another hotel. Though we later discovered this extra hotel was a lovely old place with a huge courtyard, clean dormitory-style halls and complete plumbing in each room, it was far from the center of the city and those who lived there came to regard themselves as second-class citizens.

continued



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MISGUIDED TOUR *continued*

It helped a bit when we identified them as the Country Club Set and applauded each time the bus picked them up on the way to the Olympics.

Meantime, back at the major hotel, next to Rome's railroad station, the "favored" group learned that most of them would not have plumbing and a few would be required to sleep three to a room. This time the manager himself spoke to me, and he was all apologies. "I have made a mistake," he said. "Another tour group came in two days ago and I gave them all the rooms promised to you. They all have *bagno* (baths). Now it is too late, I cannot remove them from their rooms." We argued and I lost, except for a vague promise that everything would be better in two or three days.

I tried to be casual with the group. "Those of you who have been to Europe will understand," I said. "You see, over here the bath has always been a ritual. In a sense it is a symbol of luxury. You ring for the maid and she draws your water, hands you your towel and even scrubs your back. You luxuriate. Europeans believe the bath should not be part of the bedroom." I asked the Judge and Mr. Dignity if they would mind rooming together. "Anything you say," they answered. The heat had broken their spirit.

The room problem was finally solved, but there were other problems to take its place. I found an outlet for them, though. Nightly I talked them all over with other tour conductors who had been beguiled back home like me. We didn't exactly seek each other out, we just seemed to converge each evening on Doney's sidewalk tables on the Via Veneto.

One problem was the matter of tickets. I had been assured our season seats were right on the finish line, and, indeed, they were on the



sunny side of the field. Sunny? It was broiling. I had my own accredited seat in the press area on the shady side.

"I saw you through my field glasses," said the Quiet Doctor. "My tongue was hanging out, it was so hot."

"That so?" I said. "My seat is down near the starting mark so I can't tell for sure who wins a race. Would you believe it, I thought Dave Sims caught and passed Hary in the 100 meters?"

He seemed almost sorry for me. "You did? Not us. We knew Hary won because we had the perfect angle. . . . We're right on the finish line."

There was the matter of bus departures. We never left anywhere on schedule because at least one person was late or missing. Every day I was confronted by the Big Decision—when to tell the driver, "I guess we can't wait any longer. Let's go."

Tardiness was only part of the reason. One day the Judge walked around the corner for a cigar and got lost. A Relative on the loose managed to forget completely the name of his hotel and after a half-day's frustrated wandering cabled back to his office in San Francisco to find out where he lived.

But I will always remember Rome most for my introduction to companionate bathing. My wife rang for the maid and with gestures explained she wanted a bath. The maid said she would be right back. Then I decided I wanted

continued

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MISGUIDED TOUR *continued*

a bath, too, and I rang the bell. The same maid appeared. Gestures—bath, rub, scrub. I was led down the hall into a bathroom where the water had been drawn, I stepped in—too hot, but not bad—and just then the door that I thought I had closed opened, and my wife appeared.

There ensued certain words: "What are you doing here?" "Well, she told me to come in!" "This is my bath, not yours!" "What is this, the Italian His and Hers?" "Could she have meant both of us?"

My wife went back to the room. I washed quickly and then departed running; she returned for her bath. The maid stood transfixed in the hall during the entire episode. "Crazy Americans," she muttered.

When the Olympics ended we went to Zurich. We touched down in Switzerland in a rainstorm, and when we reached our hotel on a narrow side street, for once we found our rooms were ready for us. It was a tiny hotel with a rollicking bar and a proprietress who registered the guests, mixed the drinks and cooked Swiss fondue. One of our travelers, whom we had come to know as Mr. Cognac, said later that he regretted leaving because he had a tremendous invest-

ment in the corner stool at the bar, from which spot he had directed the group in selected American harmonies.

Our sightseeing plan was a trip to Mount Pilatus in the Alps, 6,994 feet up by funicular railway, and a return to Zurich via Lucerne. The local guide apologized for the weather. "You should not go to Pilatus," he said. "There is some walking necessary and your people will get their feet wet."

The men cried protests. "Why," said Mr. Cognac, "this is Oregon duck hunting weather! Man, after Rome's heat I'm beginning to live again!"

"What?" cried the ladies, "and miss shopping for watches in Lucerne?"

We sang rain songs on the bus and we sang snow songs on the funicular because, nearing the top of Mount Pilatus, we were pelted by the first snow of the season. The view was a gray curtain, but who cared?

It was in Switzerland that the Judge discovered the charms of the bidet.

"There are three faucets on this thingamajig," he explained in the lobby one day. "You turn all three on, full spray, and you get the finest fountain this side of Tivoli. First time I ever took a shower from the bottom up!"

From then on, the Judge always requested a room without bath, provided the bidet was the *april* type.

Yes, Switzerland was lovely, but Paris provided the greatest cross of all. As the hotel's general manager explained (by this time, you see, I had learned to go right to the top), "This is the end of the summer season and all Americans who have traveled through Europe are now reaching Paris and London for their return home." We would, he promised, have first call on all checkouts—meanwhile, . . .

Mr. Dignity was the ultimate victim. He sat in the lobby resolutely, arms folded, from noon until 4 o'clock waiting and watching, but no single room turned up. We couldn't find a room for him in any other hotel within a mile. Paris was indeed crowded. Finally we got him into a tiny single room without bath which he shared with two others.

There is a relative quality about standards. The thing to be sneered at today may be begged for tomorrow. On our second day in Paris we were all given the best rooms in the house and Mr. Dignity finally had his "single with." And instead of remembering yesterday he thanked me for today. I found myself liking people.

I also found myself marveling at the stamina of lady tourists. The males were often inclined to sleep in, but the girls not only showed up for every scheduled date but usually added a few of their own. They lost sleep and caught colds, dashed from oppressive heat to the first snow in the Alps and shopped as though Europe was running out of merchandise. As Mr. Cognac observed: "If those U.S. Olympic athletes had trained as hard as our girls, they'd have won 'em all."

The last night in Paris was a bash. We went the tourist route all the way—Eiffel Tower for tea in the late afternoon, dinner at a plush trap and the standard visit to nudist night clubs. Entering the Lido, I asked the local guide, "How about our seats? At the Folies Bergère they put us way up in the balcony."

"Ah," he said proudly, "you will see something different here. I guarantee you will be in front of the American Express group."

He may have been right, except that several of us had no seats at all. We "saw" the show from the lobby, but we

continued

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MISGUIDED TOUR *continued*

didn't complain: we had the pleasant sense of closeness to Parisian sin, even if we had to guess what stage of undress the chorines had achieved.

We were ready to go home, but there was one final hitch. Our jet flight from Shannon to New York had been canceled ("technical problems") and we were transferred to a propeller leaving at 3:30 in the morning.

"Do something about it," demanded the Star Salesman.

I checked airline after airline. Every jet was booked solid. Come back in the winter, they said, when the season is over. I had picked up a certain amount of glib skill in negotiating over hotel desks and customs counters, but this seemed unbeatable. The only possibility left was sheer luck, and it happened in a major airlines office. I walked into their headquarters on a Monday morning and came out with tickets for all on a jet leaving London on Wednesday.

I went back to the hotel and announced the change. The Star Salesman said, "It hurts me to say it, but you are a genius."

Mr. Cognac took me aside. "Did you get some flowers in your room back at Lisbon?"

"Yes," I said. "Wasn't that thoughtful of the hotel management?"

"Don't tell him I told you," said Mr. Cognac, "but the Star Salesman sent those. He said you looked so low that day he hoped you lived to enjoy them. Not a bad guy, the Star Salesman." Not a bad guy at all.

A few weeks later, back home in San Francisco, the Star Salesman telephoned. "I've been thinking," he said, cheerily. "Count me in for your tour of the Tokyo Olympics in 1964."

"Count me out," I said.

"Who was that on the phone?" my wife asked from the living room.

I told her what the Star Salesman had said. "Utterly ridiculous," I added.

She peeked out from behind the shop screens she was installing and I noticed a Japanese-American dictionary in her hand.

"*Hai, omaw,*" she said. "Likewise sayonara."

END



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"Bulbay" (left), about \$55; boys "Olympic" (center), about \$29.95, "Clicker" (right), about \$35. All with DuPont "Zelan"® durable, water-repellent finish. See local papers for stores with "International Fashions in Outerwear" by Lakeland.



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Safe touch, wonder wear in warm web wool! Stay up all length sock in pleat in basic colors plus olive, gold, and white. \$1.00



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—COLLEGE ALL-STARS met off 10 straight games in the last three months of play to defeat the New York Knickerbockers 115-71 in a game at Madison Square Garden. It was the All-Stars' second victory in 10 years against an NBA team. OSCAR ROBERTSON, who led off for the All-Stars, scored 25 points and averaged 41 points. With less than a minute and a half remaining, Robertson passed to RICH HODGINS, 6'6" centerman with the Bulls, who sank the basket that put the All-Stars ahead 110-71.

Next night, however, in exhibition game at Indianapolis between the Bulls and the 77 LOUIS HAWKS, Robertson, bothered by a injured hip, scored only 19 points. The Hawks, led by Dale Pettit, who scored 25 points, won 125-109.

Bernie Glickstein, Owner And Supervisor really made good on his many threats to start a semi-professional league in appearance in the NBA by signing the American Basketball League in Los Angeles, was unanimously elected commissioner. Cities listed as franchises included Washington, D.C., Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Kansas City, Honolulu, Los Angeles and San Francisco.

BOATING—HERBERT WALKER and WAYNE PUNK, both of Uaukela, Ill., driving a two-wheel motorboat, averaged over 30 m.p.h. during a 100-mile race. Minnesota's Marvin Walker and Wayne PUNK, covered the 300 miles from St. Louis to Chicago in 18 1/2 hours, 14 minutes for an average speed of 47 1/2 m.p.h., broke the record by five hours 16 minutes.

BOWLING—FRANK CLAUSER of Oak Park, Ill. hit the jackpot in television's *Hot Bowling*, won \$65,000 (highest ever paid on the program) when he rolled six straight strikes, at Hollywood, Calif.

BOXING—TERRY DOWNES, British middleweight, won Philadelphia's 100,000 prize fight, knocking middleweight contender, with courtesy and charm left him for a 10-round decision.

JORGE FERNANDEZ of Buenos Aires took a 10-round decision over fellower's Deputy Mayor in his last Saturday night fight over 10 rounds in New York City's Madison Square Garden. It was Fernandez' 70th victory in 74 fights.

ANTHONY OLIVIERO of Mexico, 10-round decision over Kof Hays, welterweight, Fresno, Calif. **CHRISTIAN LAMBERT of France retained his European featherweight title with a 10-round decision over** Pierre Courtynot of Belgium, at Brussels.

GOLF—SAM SNEDD of White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. edged out Art Wall Jr. of Provo, Maine, by a margin to win the \$3,000 West Virginia Open. Fred Spear, a 19-year-old from 30 miles north of Charleston, S.C., won the \$1,000 South Carolina Open at Columbia, S.C. **CLAYTON JR. of Apple Valley, Calif.** won his third straight tournament when he took the \$1,000 Orange County Open at Costa Mesa, Calif. **Casper took 276 for 72 holes.** Hammercup: Charles Haddad of Los Angeles, with 277.

AL HICKS of Philadelphia, Ark., shooting under-

par golfer, won the Marylandshire Amateur championship at Fort Smith, Ark. 2 and 3 over Jack Rife of Columbia, Tenn.

HARNESS RACING—SI MAC LAG (19:50) led all the way in winning the \$10,000 300-yard race. Then he 3 lengths over Great Ladbroke, at Yonkers. With Stanley Davis driving, the 6-year-old gelding covered the 314 yards in 1:17. **Plaque's** James won fourth, 15:40 (19:11) in his eighth racing the 100-yard Grand Circuit meeting at ALBION, DOWNES (Washington, D.C.), a charity race won by **DELL MILLER**, 1st NY. **LANCASHIRE** won the 3-year-old race at Atlantic City, was checked back, 19:11 in 2:00 1/2. **BLAINE** ROONEY took both in one of the feature race at 19:11 and 2:00 1/2. **CRIST MIRANDA** won first heat of the 3-year-old race in 2:04 1/2. **Barbed** second in Futurity Rhythm in the second heat in 2:04 1/2, while the day's race was won by **Factor** time 19:11. **IN HASTE** took the 3-year-old colt race, scoring the second heat in 2:02 1/2. **CRIST MIRANDA** won the 3-year-old filly race in 2:04 1/2, while the day's race was won by **Factor** time 19:11. **IN HASTE** took the 3-year-old colt race, scoring the second heat in 2:02 1/2. **CRIST MIRANDA** won the 3-year-old filly race in 2:04 1/2, while the day's race was won by **Factor** time 19:11.

HOCKEY—After seven games MONTREAL led the NHL with 204 points. New York and San Jose, 4, followed by the Detroit Red Wings. The Philadelphia Flyers, meanwhile in late starter, each won, scored three straight games. **CHICAGO** won 10, leading the league with 9 goals. **CHICAGO** scored in NHL standings, DETROIT third.

HORSE RACING—MOVING MINISTREL (3:50) won the \$10,000 Champagne Stakes at Belmont by which over stablemate Garvol, after a close-finish start, shot right down to the finish line. Louis Wolfson, owner of both horses, collected \$145,000 in prize money. **Racing Minister**, with Henry Morris on, ran the mile in 1:30 1/2.

KELSO (3:40) edged over a muddy Kev-
lance track to win the \$14,500 Galt Stakes by 3 1/2 lengths over Bluebonnet. With Peter Aron on, the colt covered the 1 1/2 miles in 2:40.

DELIA (3:40) was the \$22,700 Laidlaw Handicap at Belmont by 2 1/2 lengths over Woodbine. With the 3-year-old filly ran the 1 1/2 miles in 2:38 1/2.

LITLTY MILLER (2:40) won the \$14,500 Champagne Stakes at Belmont by 2 1/2 lengths over Times 5, won the seven furlongs and 14 furlongs in 1:25 1/2. Ray Brown on.

SEN DINO (3:40) galloped home 1 1/2 lengths ahead of Caravaggio in the \$27,000 Grand National at Strathclyde, Scotland. ridden by Tony Walsh, the jumper covered the 1 1/2 miles in the record time of 5:36 1/2.

NOTES SPORTS—BILLY KRATZ of Long Beach, Calif., driving a Mustang owned by Bruce Cunningham, took the \$27,000 Riverside Grand Prix for sports men at Riverside, Calif. Krazee averaged 91 1/2 mph over 200 miles, won the prize money and a pit stop. Jack Dwyer of Hollywood placed second in a Black Speed.

DUTCH BOAG, 32, of Bath, N.Y., won the 100-mile American-modified track, over a marathon at Longhorne, Pa. immediately allowed an untimed an untimed. Hugnet set a record time of 1:11:10 for 100 miles, averaged 75.4.

ALFRED THOMPSON of Charlton, N.C. won the \$65,000 National 100-mile race at Charlotte. set a track record of 1:12.9 mph in a 1968 Ford Mustang. Junior Johnson of Hanks, N.C.

BOEY—Pete Dawkins, long-time All-American, who broke his arm playing Rugby for Oxford last year, made an impressive season debut with the Dart Union team against Harlequin. scored twice in the first 10 minutes. Oxford, however, lost to Richmond 9-8.

SOCCER—TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR, after dropping their first point of the season in a 1-1 draw against Manchester City, ran their unbeaten record to 13 with a 4-1 victory over Nottingham Forest, now lead the English league with 25 points.

TENNIS—DONNA FLOYD of Wilkes & Mary College defeated Laura Lou Bryan of Tampa 6-0, 6-0, for the women's singles title in the Tampa News. Also a Round Club a group court championship.

TRACK & FIELD—PETER BOGOTNIKOV, Russian runner who won the 10,000 meters in the Boston Olympics, defeated Vladimir Kuznetsov, world champ in this event with a time of 28:35.8, at New Haven.

ANTHONY ROBER at England broke the shot 40 feet 8 3/4 inches at Berlin, became the first European to throw it over 150 meters.

WALKING—LARRY DAMON, an Olympic skier from Burlington, Vt., defeated defending champion James Goss of Sweden, Miss by five seconds in the New England Clubhouse Day 15-kilometer Championship for amateurs at Manchester, N.H.

MILFORDS—ELECTED MIKE BRADY and JIMMY DRAKE, in the PGA Hall of Fame, major tournaments between 1948 and 1955. Drennon, 56, was an champion in 1948, including the Western Open and the Masters, which he also won in 1949 and 1950.

NAMED WILLIAM LUMBARDA of New York an International Grand Master of chess competition at Leipzig, East Germany. Lumbarda, 32, is a former world senior champion.

RECTOR H. HYNDMAN, 39, an outstanding one of 20th century British racing and winner of the Epsom Derby and St. Leger Stakes in 1927, from and his offspring, who have won nearly 1,000 races, include Aldby, Belvedere and Ferner, a Kentucky Derby winner. **ST. LUCIA PARK**, a new colt owned and bred by Mr. and Mrs. K. P. Taylor, to stand in Toronto Victoria Park in the record money stake for a new horse foaled in Canada.

DIED CHANCERO DOSE STORM, 16, a Tennessee thoroughbred, one of the great racehorses of all time, in Glenview, Ohio. Storm won two consecutive Man-to-Man Shows at Westminster, in 1950 and 1951.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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1882

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MADE IN TAMPA

19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

SKY BUSTERS, UNLIMITED

Sirs:

The northern daughters referred to in the article *Big Brother, Go Home!* (Oct. 10) are enough to enrage duck hunters here in northern Texas who have to spend an entire day in the blind in hopes of getting a limit. The one-trip hunter, the sky busters and jolly beams completely destroy the true hunter's season. Large investments on the part of many real hunters in equipment, blades and decoys now are rotting away in attics and storerooms thanks to these so-called sportsmen.

What can we do? First, increase the price of the duck stamp to \$10. This will immediately eliminate many one-shot boys and give additional monies to preservation efforts. Second, require every waterfowl hunter to pass written tests proving his ability to identify all waterfowl hunted and his knowledge of game laws. Third, institute greater fines for violators and a two-year suspension of hunting privileges.

I don't know about other hunters, but many of us here in Texas would like to see more action and less talk!

BUD BALDWIN

Dallas

NAIVETE, INC.

Sirs:

William Furlong's thoughtless attempt to smear the sport of boxing with his slanderous description of Jim Norris and certain members of the Illinois State Athletic Commission (*Is It Goodbye to All This?*, Oct. 10) cannot pass without criticism. I strongly dispute Furlong's reference to Frank Gilmer, chairman of the ISAC, as a "lumpy, belligerently naive ex-referee." He deliberately attempts to verbally paint a picture that would make the reader question Mr. Gilmer's ability and integrity. To those people who know and admire Mr. Gilmer (and people who do know him do admire him), the writer is revealing only his own naivete.

Enough credit cannot be given Mr. Gilmer for his fine dedication to the sport of boxing, his matchless ability to mold boys into men and his sincere campaign to improve the nation's physical fitness.

TRUMAN L. STURDEVANT

Libertyville, Ill.

BOBBY'S DAY

Sirs:

May I compliment Roger Kahn for his excellent piece of nostalgia about Bobby Thomson's dramatic 1951 home run (*The Day Bobby Hit the Home Run*, Oct. 10)?

BOB WILT

Muncy, Pa.

Sirs:

What heartless editor would permit Mr. Kahn, obviously a bloodthirsty Gant

fan (fifth place this year), to describe the day that ranks only behind Pearl Harbor in the minds of most alert baseball fans?

I'm referring, of course, to the terrible story concerning the lucky "pop fly" hit by Bobby Thomson.

J. B. WELSER

Lyndhurst, Ohio

ANTI-AMERICAN?

Sirs:

Your typewriter tyrant, Tex Maule, who evidently thinks the NFL is as close as you can get to heaven without unlocking the pearly gates, has come up with the wrong villain in Dallas.

How can Maule swing a haymaker at Lamar Hunt when all Mr. Hunt is doing is helping pro football to cities which the NFL would not consider?

With his obvious bias, I suggest that Mr. Maule be removed from the coverage of pro football and assigned to a sport more in accord with his ability—such as the national marbles tournament.

ANN WILLIAMS

Richardson, Texas

Sirs:

There's an old saying—"If you ain't tried it, don't knock it!"—and so far you sure as hell ain't tried to cover the American Football League.

TED M. HOWELL

Dallas

THEIR PAL HAL

Sirs:

As a member of the St. Louis Cardinals hillbilly rootin' section I want you to know that that hillbilly gem *I Got a Chorus of Clowns and a Belly Full of You* is the original work of the St. Louis



CARDS' HAL AND PIRATES' HAL

Cardinals' Hal Smith and not the urbane Pittsburgh Pirates' Hal Smith. You're lucky if Joe Garagiola doesn't catch you on this, too.

GERALD E. GELMAN

Coolidge, Ariz.

Sirs:

Hal Raymond Smith, the one who wrote *When You Kiss a Girl Underneath the Rose Don't Mud a Little Powder on*

OLD SPICE SMOOTH SHAVE and a new super-sharp blade...

Your Nose and I Hit a Dilly in Philly. Milly, is not the catcher for the Pirates but for the Cardinals. The Pirates' Hal Smith came to them from Kansas City, and the Cards' Hal Smith through Red Bird farm systems.

MELROY HORN

Tucson, Ariz.

● Both Hals are composers and singers, but credit for *Chorus of Children* does belong to St. Louis Smith. Pittsburgh Smith can counter with other gems, including *Oh, How They Hit Me Tonight*.—ED.

FOOTBALL FUDGE

Sirs:

My dad and I tried Coach Duffy Daugherty's fudge recipe (*Grill and Graden*, Oct. 16) Sunday afternoon with excellent results.

DEBBIE REYNOLDS

Robbinsville, N.J.

PICK OF THE SEASON

Sirs:

"These Are the Players Who Made the Season What It Was" (*BASEBALL'S WEEK*, Oct. 16): I agree with all but two, worst trade and best manager.

Granted the McElish-for-Temple trade was bad, but the one that sent Ron Kline to St. Louis for Cimoli and Cheney has got to win this rather dubious award.

Your best manager, Solly Hemus, did a good job, but in no way did he do the job that Danny Murtaugh did with the Pittsburgh Pirates.

HARRY DEL GRANDE

Groenbrae, Calif.

Sirs:

Coolide Lavagetto did a better job bringing the Washington Senators from the AL cellar to a fifth-place finish.

JACK MORELAND

Wayne, Pa.

Sirs:

How can your staff pick Maury Wills over Luis Aparicio as best base runner? Aparicio not only stole more but hit and fielded better than Wills.

DONALD KOCINSKI

Chicago

NICKY'S MASTER

Sirs:

It might be of interest to you to learn that one other fairly well-known athlete had the benefit of Mr. Allen Woolard's early tutelage in addition to Shotgunner Bill Nieder (*PA7 ON THE BACK*, Oct. 10). His name is Mickey Mantle, and, some time before joining the Yankees, he performed for Commerce, Oklahoma High School while Mr. Woolard was building character and forging winning teams at that school.

W. A. SPALSBURY

Houston



Out-performs every other shaving method!

Smooth Shave instant lather saturates your whiskers in split-seconds, stays moist and firm to the end of your shave. Lets your razor ride so easy, you can barely feel the blade. That's why Smooth Shave gives you a faster, smoother shave with any kind of blade—a super shave with the new super-sharp blade!

Mentholated or Regular, only 1.60

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SMOOTH SHAVE

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The flavor
lasts
longer...



**BOND
STREET**
Punch-Pak

PAT ON THE BACK



PAUL SIMPSON

What makes Hardrock run?

Paul (Hardrock) Simpson of Burlington, N.C. is a walking mail carrier who loves to run. He loves it so much, in fact, that the Burlington postmaster has placed him on strict orders not to jog along his 12-mile route. "I'd get back too early," says Hardrock, whose nickname is a carryover from schoolboy football days, "and Washington would want to know why other carriers didn't do the same."

Bowing to bureaucracy, Hardrock consoles himself by running after

work (15 miles in two hours) and on his days off (30 miles in five hours). Sometimes, on dull days at local minor league ball games, Hardrock peps things up by jogging around the ball park from first pitch to last.

Hardrock celebrated his 58th birthday last month by running 56 miles in eight hours. "Any man can run long distances if he works up to it gradually," says Hardrock. But what makes him run? "Well," says Hardrock crisply, "I guess I just like it."



Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

Lose your grip and you can lose your life in Canada's Rockies!

1. "To a photographer, being in the right place at the right time *does* happen often enough," writes Kellen Staley, an American friend of Canadian Club. "That's why I'll always be grateful to Bill Briggs for inviting me to stomp in British Columbia. With Bill in the lead, we struggled all morning—roped together for safety—until we reached a point some fifteen hundred feet above our base camp. And then it happened! I'd turned to watch Bill as he groped for a hand-hold on the almost-vertical rock—when I heard a scream of surprise and saw a cloud of falling stone. Out of habit, I jerked the camera to my eye—and snapped the shutter just as Bill's body flashed by!



2. "Our troubles began when we were forced to climb around a dangerous rotting glacier—melting slowly down the hollow crevasses and up the narrow rock wall chimneys. As it turned out, we were headed for a fall—regardless!



3. "At the end of his rope, Bill was dangling helplessly more than a hundred feet away. Jack, who knew his rappelling technique, got down fast on our emergency line—and made him secure. But it took the two of us to pull him back over the glacier's lip to safety.



4. "With the weather closing in, Kootenay Lodge looked mighty cheerful. Especially when they greeted our safe return with a cheering round of Canadian Club!"

Why this whisky's universal popularity? Canadian Club is the lightest whisky in the world. What's more, it has a flavor so distinctive, no other whisky tastes quite

like it. This happy combination means you can stay with it all evening long... in cocktails before dinner, highballs after. Try it tonight.

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Arrow You'll really go winging along in this new pointed-toe style. Shown in all-time favorite Black. Also in new dark brown tone. Pedwin Division, Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

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